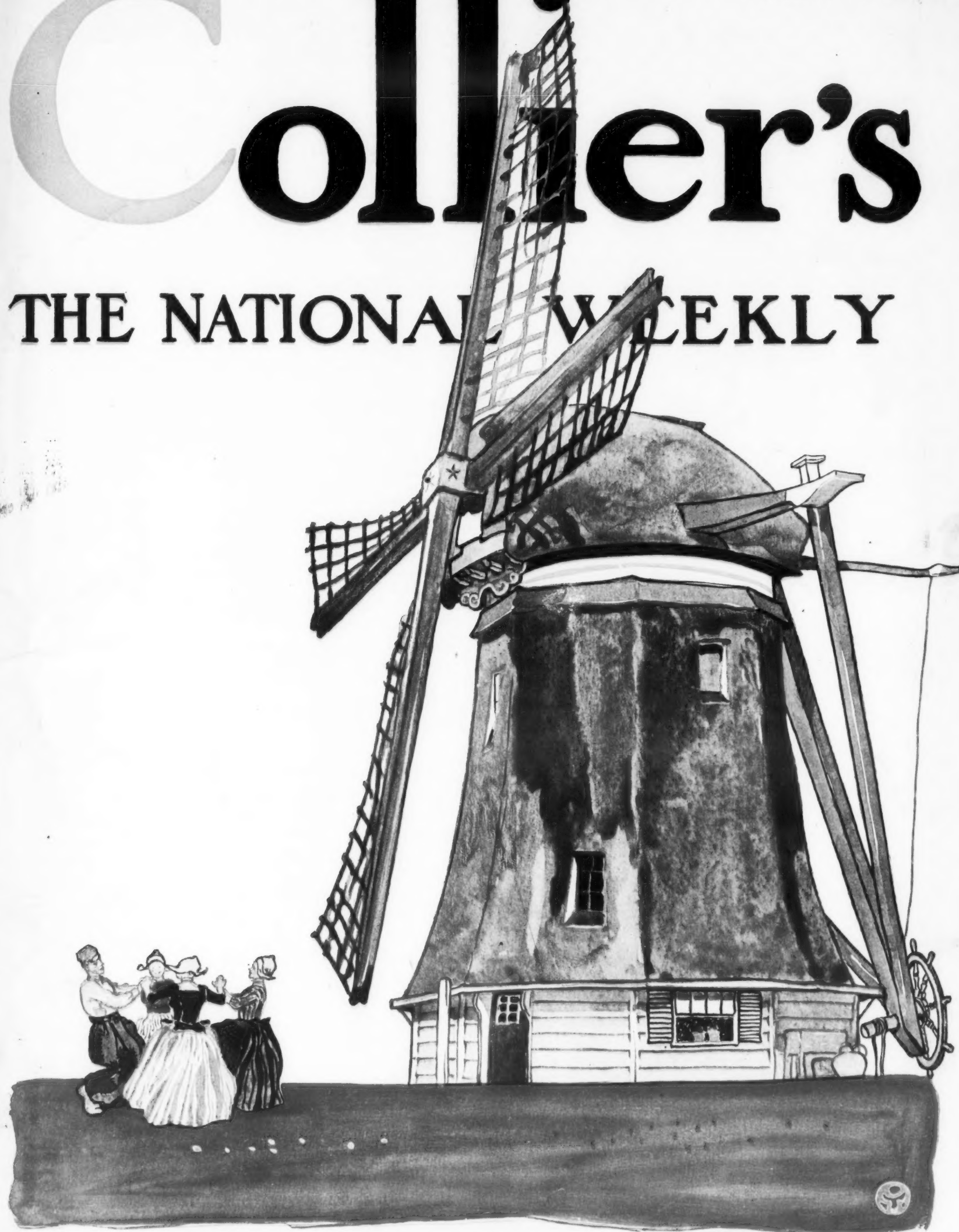


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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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AT THE SIGN OF THE RED MILL

VOL. XLI NO. 16

JULY 11 1908



Old English Curve Cut

¶ The favorite pipe tobacco of gentlemen. It is rich, pure, old Burley leaf of the highest quality. "A slice to a pipeful"—the curved box just fits the pocket.

¶ Old English Curve Cut is sold in more countries than any other pipe tobacco.

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**Cried a smoker, "Alas for my plight!
"Wife objects to my smoking at night."
But his friend said, "Tut, tut,
"Smoke Old English Curve Cut,**

The fifth line should rhyme with the first two lines, and it is for you to compose it.

¶ In sending in lines, write plainly with full name and postal address. The above information enables you to enter the contest, but if you are interested in regard to the details in the matter of prizes, full particulars will be mailed you free, upon request to the undersigned.

Old English Curve Cut is 10c a box

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY, 81 Montgomery Street, Jersey City, N. J.

¶ The awarding of prizes will be done by a committee of three competent individuals of our selection, and their decision must be accepted as final and conclusive.

¶ The prizes will be sent to the successful contestants within two weeks after the close of the month in which their lines are entered.

Short Stories Soon to Appear in Collier's

- | | |
|--|--|
| "The Screaming Skull," a ghost story
By F. Marion Crawford | "Georgia"
New "Sherlock Holmes" Stories
By John Luther Long |
| "The Road Agent,"
By Stewart Edward White | "River and Ring"
By A. Conan Doyle |
| "The Passing Star," a three-part story
By John Fox, Jr. | Two love stories by Josephine Dodge Daskam,
a humorous story by O. Henry, and a story by
Richard Harding Davis |
| "McGennis's Promotion" by the author of "Fagan"
By Rowland Thomas | |

Some Articles—Serious and Otherwise —Soon to Appear in Collier's

- | | |
|--|---|
| "The Small Investor's Money"
By Elliott Flower | "A Scab Athlete's Fight Against the Athletic Union"
By James B. Connolly |
| "Jews as Farmers"
By Bernard Gorin | "Hearst and the Newsboys in Boston"
By A. H. Gleason |
| "My Work in the Congo" By Leopold, King of Belgium | "What the Fleet Thought About the Naval Controversy"
By Frederick Palmer |
| "Letters to a Plutocrat"
By H. H. McClure | "Spies in the Navy"
By Henry Reuter Dahl |
| "White House Visitors"
By Henry Beach Needham | "An American in Canada"
By Lincoln Steffens |
| "The Western Federation in Nevada" By C. P. Connolly | |

Collier's

The National Weekly

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July 11

Collier's

Saturday, July 11, 1908



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Volume XII

Number 16

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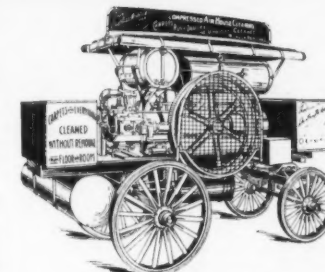
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Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, July 11, 1908



"The Screaming Skull"

The second and concluding part of F. Marion Crawford's story of "The Screaming Skull" will appear in next week's Collier's. It moves successfully to a climax of horror. In its cumulative skill of terror by suggestion, it reminds the careful reader of Mr. Crawford's "The Upper Berth," where, also, nothing is told but everything implied. In this concluding chapter the church sexton plays his part in finding the missing jaw-bone that makes a perfect fit. And the mystery of the boiling lead is solved.

Senator Long

The world of practical politics will be recognized next week in the article on Senator Chester I. Long, the Kansas "undesirable," by John M. Oskison. In Collier's of July 25 the Democratic Convention will be fully chronicled in "song and story," with photographs and varied descriptive articles. After that for a few weeks there will be comparative political peace; and we shall run numbers of the lighter sort—full of sketches and drawings, and in each issue a couple of attractive stories.

Nevada: The Drama of a State

Collier's will soon present a series of articles on the State of Nevada—done by C. P. Connolly. There are five articles to the complete picture. All the vivid features are preserved that have made the State a treasure house of anecdote. "Scotty" of Death Valley is sketched, and Borax Smith, and the mining superintendent who looked little and harmless but who could shoot over his left shoulder backward. The true tale of the boarding-house that kept blowing down and how the annoyed guests picked it up, is recounted; and we learn of a mining camp that constructed a full-sized hymn by the process of each placer miner contributing a line or a catchy sacred phrase. Mr. Connolly shows the intensity of the life that couldn't stand the swiftest theatrical show for ten minutes running, but in its panting restlessness clamors for poker and drink and dancing and barbaric music. The Western Federation of Miners, the Industrial Workers of the World, and the mine owners are all dealt with powerfully, but with an eye to truth and justice.

And Mr. Connolly is careful to show that life in Nevada is not all a glorified picnic—full of easy nuggets and dramatic high-lights. Here, as elsewhere on the map, to him that works shall be given. And there has been a good deal of sweat, and even blood, spilled, to project one millionaire. As one poor miner, after a lifetime of search, stated it: "Hanged if a man don't earn his gold mine, if he ever gets it."

"From these memories of a once flushed and reckless prosperity we pass on down to the present whiplashing pace of the desert. A picture drawn of the early days of Virginia City might be framed now, fifty years later, and hung up anywhere under the title "Goldfield" or "Tonopah" or "Rhyolite"—the same wild pleasures, the same swashbuckling life, the same genius for originality, the same sense of unaffected humor."

"A good many people think Mark Twain is a natural-born humorist. He isn't. He simply described the things he saw in Nevada and got the habit."

—From C. P. Connolly's first Nevada article.

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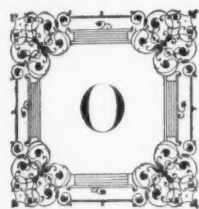
The National Weekly



P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers
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NEW YORK

July 11, 1908

Courts



ONE GREAT ADVANTAGE Mr. TAFT carries with him into the present contest. We believe that, in spite of the seething of discontent, and in spite of immigration, the American people still believe in the supremacy of law. They had in 1787 the opportunity to put final power into the hands of an executive, if they wished. They had the opportunity, also, to make of the courts a set of mere puppets of the temporary popular mood, or to make the legislature supreme. They did none of these things. They founded courts which were to act irrespective of pressure from executive, legislature, or populace. If the people of to-day wish to amend the Constitution, they are free to do so, and to remove this power of the courts to stand between the permanent and the temporary opinions of the masses. As long as we have courts, however, as the final arbiters of law, it is folly to endeavor, by short terms and by election, instead of appointment, to make them popular in tone. Very likely, during the term of the next President, four members of the Supreme Court of the United States will be changed. Who will be likely to put upon that bench the higher grade of men—Mr. BRYAN or Mr. TAFT? That is one of the most important questions the electors must face between now and November. In the opinion of some of the most intelligent citizens, it is the most important question to be faced.

Leaders

WHY IS IT that leaders in one great party are so much scarcer than in the other? The war gave to the Democratic Party a stunning set-back. The solidity of the South has kept it back, and free silver completed the demoralization. What is the meaning of the word Democrat, when the most that has been done for the so-called Democratic policies has been done by a Republican President, who likewise believes in tariff reform? When the present Republican nominee endorses the policies of his predecessor? Why is LA FOLLETTE called a Republican? Why do the "progressives" of Kansas, Nebraska, and Wisconsin work doggedly with that party? Why does the tariff-assaulting McCALL carry that name? Apart from a perfunctory adherence to a tariff idea in which he is not interested, what have the democratic principles of Governor HUGHES to do with the party in which he is enrolled? Men now in later or middle life belong to the Republican Party either as a direct or indirect result of the slavery conflict. Young men of ability go into it because the Democrats offer them no coherent program and a much weaker group of leaders. Probably it would be better for the country to have two parties led with equal strength, but the Democrats will hardly furnish many leaders equal in ability to ROOSEVELT, TAFT, ROOT, HUGHES, and LA FOLLETTE, until the South is badly broken, or until intelligent and educated Northerners feel at home in the Democratic Party. The President of Harvard University may be selected as an illustration. He is one of the ablest men alive—a distinguished leader of his country's thought. He is a Democrat, but when will he have an opportunity to vote the Democratic ticket in a national election?

Vice-Presidents

ONE OPPORTUNITY THE DEMOCRATS HAVE, at least, is to select as their candidate for Vice-President some man whom they might seriously ask the people to consider for the Presidency. It is a rather weird tendency, this habit of treating contemptuously an office held by JOHN ADAMS, THOMAS JEFFERSON, AARON BURR, GEORGE CLINTON, ELBRIDGE GERRY, and JOHN C. CALHOUN—an office also which preceded the Presidency for MARTIN VAN BUREN, and through which death ushered into the chief magistracy of the nation JOHN TYLER, MILLARD FILLMORE, ANDREW JOHNSON, CHESTER A. ARTHUR, and THEODORE ROOSEVELT. These are somewhat solemn facts. The Republicans used their opportunity not to add weight, distinction, or value to their ticket, but to solidify a machine and to save the face of a faction. There were temporary reasons and explanations, but behind them lay the great and conclusive fact that the party took no sufficient interest in the office and the man to fill it. It was used for purposes temporary and strategic. Here's hoping the Donkey may this week be taking a higher stand.

July 11

The Outgoing President

MR. ROOSEVELT WILL LEAVE OFFICE secure in the hearts of his countrymen. The dexterity and sincerity with which he avoided a renomination for himself, and secured it for a believer in his policies, have solidified the affection and the confidence of mankind. Turned aside by none of the flattering and plausible arguments which were daily showered upon him, he gave up power, kept his word, and set a high example. Scarcely was Mr. TAFT nominated when the President gave another example of his quality by springing enthusiastically to the aid of HENRY, SPECKELS, and their friends in San Francisco, at a time when the current had set strongly in the opposite direction. A few days more, and, in his praise of CLEVELAND, Mr. ROOSEVELT once again struck with hearty truthfulness those notes which celebrate earnestness and the truth. He has been a good Police Commissioner, a good Governor, a good President, and a good man. Twenty years of active life may still be his. Meanwhile he has already done splendid service for a thankful nation.

A Saloon Commission?

THE BREWERS ARE RELENTING, like ice in April. Public opinion in many sections is active. A point has now been reached in the triumphant anti-saloon crusade where public opinion needs guidance. Some of the worst dives in each city are at last to be abolished, if the citizens are enough interested to hold the brewers to their Milwaukee promises. Take one city for illustration. If BART O'CONNOR is annoying, we can run a photograph of the gilt sign of the Lion Brewery that decorates his Oxford Hotel, and call on the brewery to quench the midnight enthusiasm of the back room and the second floor. Or we might snap a kodak at the "Jetter Brewing Co.," in letters of gold over No. 7 First Street, if No. 7 invades the neighborhood. The worst of the dives can be, in some measure, restricted, except where they have the backing of a distinguished politician. What remains is the crucial problem. How shall we decrease the tendency to lawlessness in the average saloon? How shall we decrease the number of saloons? What is the wisest form of legislation for Sunday sale? How shall the police, the politicians, and the liquor dealers be pulled apart? With some of those questions the brewers can help, but not with all. The community must be educated. So we suggest that certain men might meet together and work out a body of suggestions for the public, to the end that legislation be affected and social control established. As an example of possible make-up, we give this imaginary commission for New York State:

JULIUS LIEBMANN, president of the United States Brewers' Association.
GEORGE WILLIAM ALGER, lawyer and author.
ROBERT W. DE FOREST, president of the Charity Organization Society.
JOHN P. PETERS, chairman of the Committee of Fourteen.
EDWARD T. DEVINE, professor of social economy in Columbia University.
THOMAS BYRNES, former head of the Detective Bureau and ex-Chief of Police.
HUGH F. FOX, secretary of the United States Brewers' Association.

In Missouri

KEEP AWAKE. In the preoccupation which the more spectacular conventions engage, let not those primaries and caucuses be forgotten which name Senators and Congressmen. On August 4 Missouri will choose between FOLK and STONE. State pride has more weight in Missouri than in most; it was, indeed, State pride that sent STONE to the Senate six years ago, for Gumshoe Bill was a national figure then, the first friend of BRYAN, and dominant in the Democratic Party. It was that very State pride which felt the wound so keenly on discovering, a few months after STONE had been elected to the Senate, that he had figured, in a way which was the more humiliating because so small and petty, as a lobbyist in the famous baking-powder scandals. If there were not a score of other reasons, it would be strange if Missouri should fail now to get herself represented in the Senate by so promising a national figure as FOLK.

For Senator of One Great State

FRIENDS IN ILLINOIS, vote for Foss on August 8. His record in Congress has been such as to put him into a class infinitely above HOPKINS and MASON. If he has a large vote at the primaries it will mean that HOPKINS will not have a clear majority, and that the choice of a Senator will, therefore, be open until the Legislature meets,

which is so much time gained for work against the present Senator. His record and his quality are equally against him. At home he has lowered the tone of the Federal courts and offices. In Washington he has stood with the unimaginative, "practical" party men who are standing square in the path of the day's leaders. Any one who heard him speak at Chicago must have realized how absurd it is that such a man should represent at Washington the sovereign State of Illinois. Vote for Foss.

A Choice in Kansas

REPUBLICANS ARE TO CHOOSE, in a State primary on August 4, between making CHESTER I. LONG the candidate for reelection to the Senate from Kansas and putting JOSEPH L. BRISTOW forward for the place. The Long type of man is already well represented at Washington. Back of all LONG's dreaming and working is an ambition to make Kansas a great conservative stronghold—a sort of Western Rhode Island. Nothing like LONG's career has been seen in Kansas before. Aggressive, out of touch with the people of his State, LONG is appealing, through a primary law his men fought in the State Legislature to the last ditch and then crippled, to be returned as a representative, not of all the people, but of a very few of them. LONG's supporters are represented by the notorious "ANDY" RICHARDS, who, through LONG's manipulation, has been thrust into the Attorney-General's office at Washington and, according to the statement of LONG's own secretary, put in charge of the land-fraud prosecutions in the West! BRISTOW's public record is familiar. His work in the Post-Office Department, begun under MCKINLEY, was continued under ROOSEVELT until the post-office frauds were turned up and corrected. Overzeal has been charged against him, never the desire to compromise with wrong. He has no machine, and, except for what organization WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE (who is surely not a "practical" politician) has drawn together, is going it alone in his campaign. The issue is very clear. Kansas has a choice; in all human probability, the winner at the primary of August 4 will represent that State as Senator until 1915.

Painters' Row

WE COMMENTED editorially in the issue of April 4 on some bad housing in Pittsburg, and we specified Painters' Row, owned by the United States Steel Corporation. We pointed out that twenty-two families were without closet accommodations, and we stated that the water supply for the property was distressingly inadequate. To this the United States Steel Corporation made no direct and no public reply. But privately, to one of their inquiring Boston stockholders, they reported evasively that housing conditions in Painters' Row were estimable. With a show of earnestness, the Steel Corporation, in their skilful private answer, referred to ninety-one "tenants." Actually the number of persons living in the unhealthy premises is well over five hundred! Word-play on the term "tenant" seems inadequate in replying to a charge of bad housing. The answer of the Corporation to their inquisitive stockholder dealt with the charges of insufficient water supply, bad drainage, and improper closet facilities in the same dodging manner. So the original question still carries its interrogation point. The time has passed when employers, large or small, can take an attitude either of haughtiness or evasion toward the human questions which public conscience begins to press upon them. Questions of happiness and health in these days must be met. How about Painters' Row?

Pittsburg's Opportunity

A CHAMBER OF COMMERCE is ordinarily a device for an annual dinner of ten courses and six speakers, and an occasional set of heavily worded resolutions, when the currency is threatened or city departments are looted with too great license. Like a good deal else, it means well, but seldom gets around to it. For a little space of time the Chamber of Commerce in Pittsburg has broken loose, and performed a service to the town. It is now in peril of sagging back unless Pittsburg encourages it. Two years ago H. D. W. ENGLISH became president and began to ally it with rational civic progress. He is one of the business men who have some understanding of the currents of the present hour. The old-time attitude against which he has won some skirmishes is voiced by a

member of his Board of Trustees, who said fretfully: "What in hell has housing got to do with commerce?" The answer of President ENGLISH in a recent address was that provision for shelter in the steel district has broken down and that, as a business proposition, it must be met and solved. He points out that bad water, bad sewage, bad housing, and bad air are a kind of indirect taxation upon business interests in their effect on output.

"We have the joint testimony of physicians, sanitarians, settlement workers, and employment agents that the influence of healthful home conditions reaches inside of the factory gate. These are problems which the individual employer can not work out for himself."

He urges that some of the great corporations provide an ample supply of comfortable dwellings to be rented by their own employees. Mr. ENGLISH has just retired from the administration of the Chamber of Commerce. Is it, therefore, to resume its lethargy?

Condescension in Charity

IN THEIR admirable desire to allay hysteria and base action on investigated facts, the various branches of organized charity will do well not to overwork the attitude of unimpassioned calm. When a public is stirred by reports of half-fed and ill-nourished school-children, there is a slight absence of the human note in rebuking the public for growing excited. The Midnight Bread Line does mean something more than an accumulation of hoboes who dodge work. Some of the comments on the winter of unemployment and distress have a note of aloofness that sounds cruel in the ears of those who have suffered. The implication conveyed that the

severe and prolonged situation has been in any adequate measure "handled" is untrue to the facts. Spiritual pride is as unlovely as bitterness or hysteria. If charity workers wish to win the public to sympathetic cooperation and the free-handed giving of money, they must quench the cold light of superiority, and refrain from offending the deep instincts of pity that spring up to meet distress.

City Children

CHILDREN BECOME fretful and pale when the July sun is having its way with a city. Some of them need a little help to keep happy and healthful. Many of our readers are at their favorite country spots, where the bathing or riding or tennis is perfect, and the supply of light reading is various and perhaps charmingly written. Those well-situated readers, from whatever winter city they gather at the river or the lake or the hill-country, may well remember the fresh-air funds and the vacation camps and cottages of their home city. In an odd moment, between hammock naps or after the swim and the sail, send the check that enables a family of children to see the country for a fortnight.

Scenery While You Wait

By ROY K. MOULTON

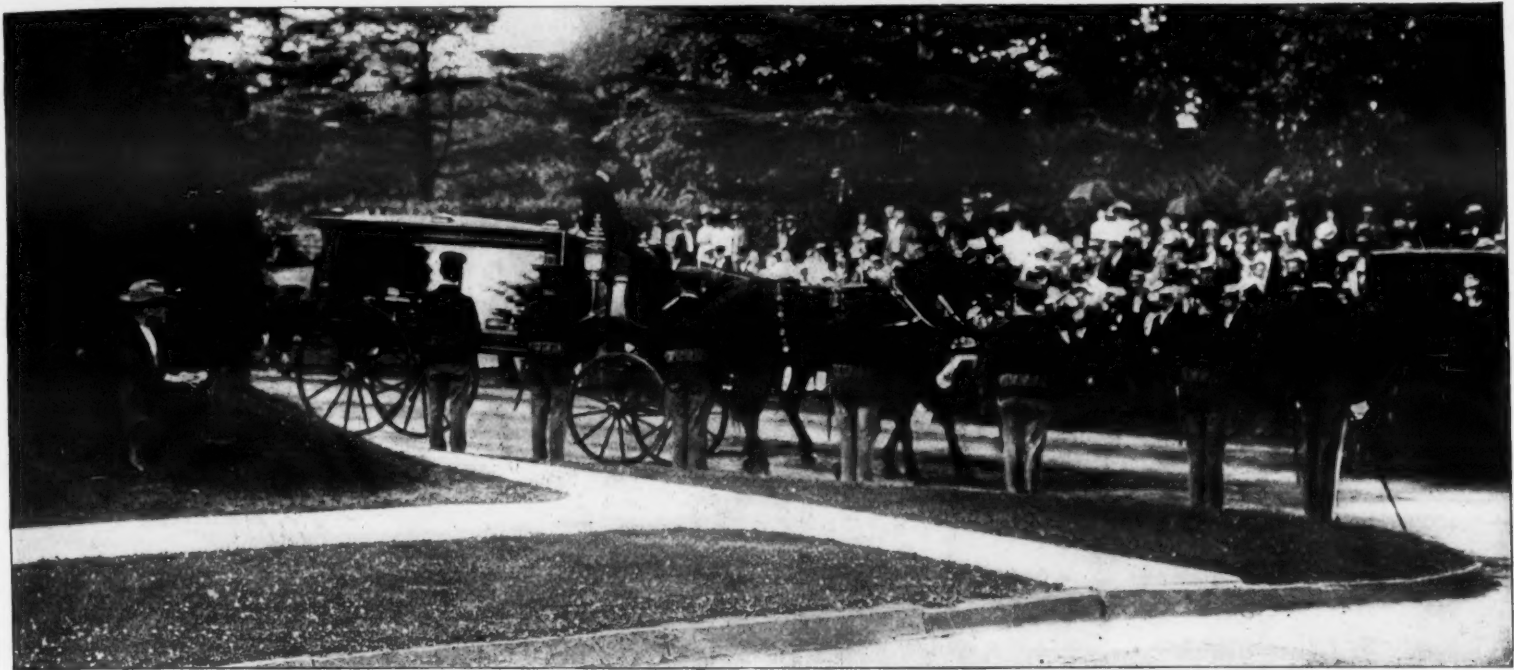
WHY travel o'er the briny deep to get a change of scene?
It's shifting here at home without a breathing space between.
A scene viewed in the morning ere the night has passed away,
And here is something new we found upon our barn to-day:
"If you'd be rid of all your ills,
Just take a dose of Purdy's pills."

WE'D scarcely had a minute to enjoy the sight so new
When came another painter to obliterate the view.
He covered up the pill ad with an almost fiendish glee,
And this is what he spread aloft for all the world to see:
"When you wake up and can not snooze,
Try half a pint of Moonlight Booze."

HE SAW no one was looking, so he painted on the cow:
"The Moonlight is the best of all. Why don't you try it now?"
He'd scarcely finished up his work of art and started hence
When came another artist and inscribed upon our fence:
"If squeaky wagons mar your peace,
Try Bunkum's Patent Axle Grease."

HE HAD no more than left us when we found upon the shed
The work of still another one, and this is what it said:
"If you eat Grapo-Cracko, you'll be happy evermore."
And later this is what we found upon our hencoop door:
"There's not a bunion in this town
That can't be cured by Dr. Brown."

WHEN we have gone to our reward, to take our place on high,
We will not be surprised to see some painter, on the sly,
Inscribing on the gate and on the walls with perfect ease
A few last bits of good advice to guide us, such as these:
"Before you tread the streets of gold
See Binks and have your shoes half-soled."
"When you would brighten up your crown,
Use Scourine Polish. Best in Town."
"If you are awkward, why not try
Prof. Jones and learn to fly?"
"Be sure and buy a city guide.
You'll need it when you get inside."



The funeral cortege leaving Westland, New Jersey—the home of the late President



The pall bearers were Commodore E. C. Benedict, Mayor George B. McClellan, Richard Watson Gilder, President John H. Finley, Professor Paul Van Dyke, Dean Andrew P. West, Professor John Grier Hibbin, Paul Morton, Professor Howard McClenahan, A. D. Russell, J. S. Morgan, and Bayard Stockton



The burial service—the funeral procession approaching the grave. The rites were simple, with brief services at the house and the grave

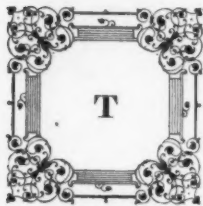
The Funeral of Grover Cleveland at Princeton, New Jersey, June 26

The Rise of "FINGY" CONNERS

The Democratic State Boss of New York, who "looks like a prize-fighter and talks like a tough"—Dock scrapper, freight contractor, millionaire—The record of how he split the scalp of a Pole laborer, and jumped from cowhide boots through brogans to spats—Bruised but victorious

By WILL IRWIN

WILLIAM J. CONNERS measures up as one of the most powerful figures in the convention at Denver which is nominating a candidate for President of the United States. He is chairman of the Democratic State Committee of New York, and, with Charles F. Murphy, controls completely the party in the largest of the States. The New York delegation, which he dominates, composes 78 out of the 1,002 delegates to the Denver Convention.



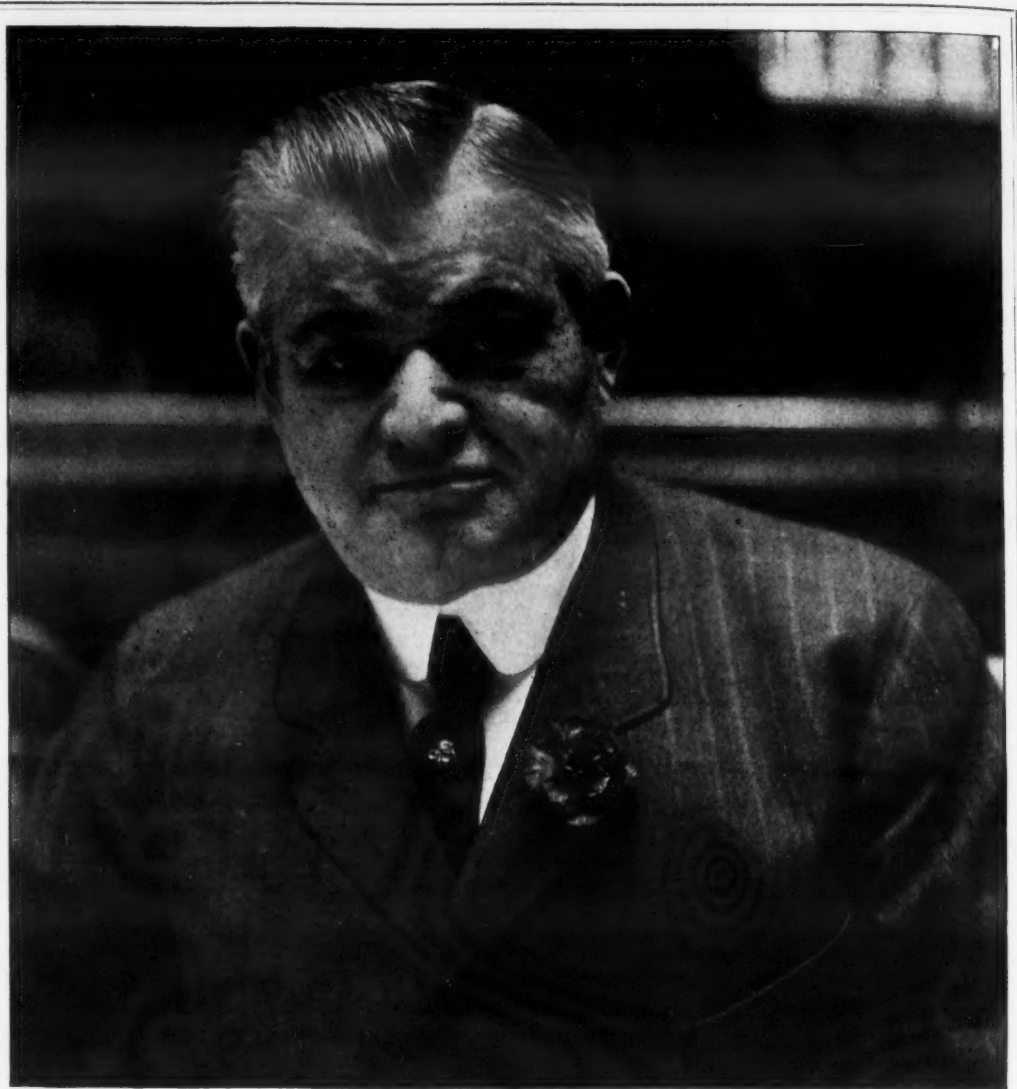
THE Buffalo docks, thirty years ago, were as Hibernian as a potato. Those were the days when the peasant Irishmen, new to liberty, a great, stalwart, energetic people, disorderly from the very excess of spirit in them, were still living in colonies by themselves. The A. P. A. spirit still raged in the land, a protest against the religion and customs of the incomprehended newcomers. Although the Irish colonies of Manhattan Island were breaking up, although the new generation was already making its inextricable mixture with the native people, the region of small cottages, tenements, little stores, overshadowed by the great Buffalo grain elevators, held a colony that was Irish of the Irish—holds it even now for that matter. The Buffalo dock region is a survival of earlier days, as though an ichthyosaurus should come hopping down the street. It formed a busy, wild city ward. At the head of the lake region, it included the human flotsam and jetsam of the waters which banks up always on a sea terminal, as well as that permanent population of splendid virtues and splendid possibilities in disorder. Turbulent labor troubles, turbulent social upheavals, turbulent politics, were its brand and mark.

On the Ohio Basin, center of all this region, stood a little saloon cocked up on trestles over a culvert—a bar downstairs, a few rooms, used for a sailors' boarding-house, upstairs; and the sign over the door—but lately changed—read: "William J. Connors."

The proprietor, "Fingy" Connors, had a reputation as the stoutest man in a free fight, the merriest roisterer on a spree, the toughest keeper of a tough saloon, of all the dock region. In these late twenties of his, he was a thick-set, strong young tough, with an accent that shook his cheeks, a coarse face, good-humored enough—as his early photographs show—but the kind of face withal that would cause one to shrink in a dark street. When he was not needed behind the bar, he used to "mix" with the loungers about the front of his place, exchanging the jokes of the street, shaking dice, scheming over the cheap politics of his ward. At the first sign of trouble from drunken longshoremen or scopers, he used to plunge into the thick of war with that joy and delight in a scrap which had made him the terror of the wharfs before he acquired property and became a saloon man. If they were too many for him, he reached for the bung starter; if that failed, he took to the methods of Chinese highlanders. There were no rules in his scrapping. When life in his own saloon became too peaceful and wearisome, he sallied forth at the head of his toughs, among whom he was king by right of might, to clean out the saloon of some dirty Democrat—for he was a Republican at the time.

In his little saloon over the culvert, the Republican heeled of his ward planned and executed their colonizing, their stuffing, their pasting—all their devices for increasing returns. From his place, on the morning of primaries, issued his gang, to beat and riot and repeat. He was already deep in politics, you see—not as an aspirant for office, but as a small boss.

The fortune which raised Connors to this dizzy eminence among his kind had come to him through a series of disasters. His parents were Canadian Irish; his father had been successively a lake sailor, a stone-cutter, and finally, when he had saved enough money, owner of that same little saloon over the culvert. William J. Connors, only son of that marriage, was born in western New York in 1857. He had one sister, afterward a Mrs. Hayes, and two half-brothers named Hurley. He had gone to the public and parochial schools; at the age of eleven or twelve he had plunged into life as steward's assistant on one of the old lake passenger steamers. It is on record from his own lips how he earned and saved his first dollar above his salary. "I



William J. Connors

The face is solid and hard and tough, overloaded with muscle rather than fat or puffy. A short hooked nose, a snapping-turtle mouth—wide, thin-lipped, tight-shut, and turned down at the corners

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE J. HARR

was luggin' a supper from the galley to the first cabin," he said, "an' I spilled a bowl of soup on me pants. I stood ready to bawl, w'en a deck passenger said he'd give me a quarter for the remains. I took me quarter an' me bastin' from the steward. After that I used to spill a little soup on meself every day to prove it was an accident, and do business with the deck passengers." He served on the lake steamers until he grew into the dawn of his great physical strength. Then he took a job piling cordwood for the railroad; and, at the age of seventeen or so, he graduated to be a dock laborer and a longshoreman. He drank with the boys; he established a kind of rude chieftainship in his own gang; and he fought—from the tradition which lingers his life in this period must have been a long shindy. One of his defeats came near costing the Democracy of New York a State chairman. Working on Blake's coal trestle, far above the water, he fell out with Jack Fletcher, another dock scrapper. Fletcher punched him fair and full in the jaw, at once knocking him out and toppling him into the lake. When the bridge gang pulled Connors out, he was senseless and half-drowned.

By that time he had lost his thumb and won his nickname. Several stories are afloat on the docks, but this is the accepted version: He and a playmate were boasting, back and forth, of their nerve. "Aw, I bet you," said the playmate, "you ain't got the noive to let me chop you fingy." "I'll bet you you ain't got the noive to chop it," said the child Connors. They got a cleaver; Connors laid his hand down on the block—and they both won. Down the street ran Jimmy Connors, waving the bloody stump and yelling: "He chopped me fingy! He chopped me fingy!" For the rest of his career, Fingy Connors fought with a crippled left hand.

The Connors family lived in their own small cottage down by the docks. Mrs. Hayes, whose marriage had turned out badly, was at home with her parents. The house took fire in the night. The inmates got out alive, but Mrs. Hayes ran back to rescue her sewing-machine—and the roof fell on her. The shock of this disaster killed Mrs. Connors. Only a year later, the elder Connors died. Fingy, sole survivor of the family except his baby niece, inherited the saloon, the insurance on the cottage, the life insurance of his parents and his sister. So he became a saloon-keeper, with extra money in the bank.

His first investment was another saloon. Across the Ohio Basin stood a haunted house, avoided by the neighbors after dark, on the market for a song. Fingy Connors bought it, turned the old parlor into a bar-room, the upper apartments into lodgings for lake sailors. "They'll lay that ghost for me," said Fingy. No sooner

had he set the place going, and proved that no ghosts wanted to stay in a Connors saloon, than one of the periodical, violent strikes ran along the Buffalo docks.

Handling Freight at the Docks

OUT of this strike came his golden opportunity. Not only did he win the spendings of idle men—as the saloon-keeper always does in a strike—but he conceived the idea which made him rich and great. No one had thought yet of contracting to handle freight at the docks. The lake steamer companies hired their own longshoremen as they needed them, and stood the burden of the strikes. Connors, with his experience, his influence in a certain kind of politics, and his general leadership among dock laborers, approached the companies and offered to unload their freight at a fixed rate. He got the contract from the Union Steamboat Company, and managed to handle the men so well that he had no strikes. By methods all his own—there float many unconfirmed tales of these methods—he brought in company after company. Now, only one dock in Buffalo employs any other contractor. Unloading freight and getting it upon inland carriers includes three separate shifts—from the vessel to the docks, from the docks to the warehouse, and from the warehouse to the cars. At first merely a dock handler, he absorbed the other two processes. More, through twenty years of steady commercial progress, he absorbed the freight-handling business in most of the other lake ports. His string of establishments stretches from Buffalo to Milwaukee. He says that he is the largest individual employer of labor in the country; and, in fact, he does have from 4,000 to 6,000 men on his weekly pay-roll. This, in brief, is the story of the Connors fortune as he started it and nursed it along.

His methods—well, there are stories. "Brains is as cheap as tenpenny nails," he said once; "I can buy brains." The standing charge against Connors in business is that he buys certain brains which are not for sale in open market. He has met fierce competition in business as he has in politics; he has usually come out beaten and bruised, but a winner. His enemies charge that he always bought the local freight agents of the carrying lines. He denies this; but once he gave the lie to his denials. A transcontinental railroad had sent up a new agent, and the shippers of Buffalo were giving this man a banquet. Connors was there—enthusiastic. Whenever, for any reason, he grows enthusiastic, the accent of civilization sloughs off and he becomes again the dock tough. Within a minute after he had risen to speak he was directing his remarks to the new agent.

"You tinks youse is Hell," he said; "but I'll get youse. Youse don't know it, but I will. I always gits 'em. Wot you'll learn is that I am It and youse is Nit." This gem on bribery shines out from his waterfront wisdom: "If they finds it out on you, youse is done. If they finds it out on me, I done right."

Scraper and "Mixer," Too



HE WAS a king among the dock men before he became an employer; he understood them. After a fashion, too, they liked him. Not only was he an admirable scraper, but he was—and is—a good "mixer." He liked to loaf away an evening in a saloon, to play the crude practical jokes which appeal to his primitive sense of humor, and to exchange the gossip of the parish. So he was little bothered by strikes; and when strikes did threaten, he had a method of his own for heading them off. A power in the cheap politics of his own ward, a lesser power in the politics of Buffalo, his pull ran straight into the Labor Council. Whenever whisperings against him circulated about the docks, he would get his saloon henchmen together and send them among his longshoremen to form a union—his own union, officered by his own secret agents. That union would apply to the council for recognition as the only union-pure and sanctioned organization among the dock laborers; and the power of Conners would pull it through. So he held the men in line while he climbed up and up—until the day when he turned the eye of his ambition upon the grain-handling business.

Until this time he had been a freight handler only; he had never tried to get the grain business, largely because it was run on a peculiar system. Whenever a grain ship arrived at an elevator, the steamboat company would go to a "boss shoveler" and hire from him his gang of "scoopers." This boss shoveler was usually a graduate scooper, promoted to own a small saloon. He did none of the work himself; it was his part to furnish the brains and clerical force. When the job was done, he collected from the company and divided the sum pro rata among the men, reserving for himself a share a little larger than that of any other individual. The system was sometimes a little awkward in practise; and this leadership of a saloon-keeper in industry was not always a good thing for the laborers. But it worked very well on the whole; and to the docks it was as though it had always been and always would be.

When, in the middle nineties, Fingy Conners went after the grain-handling business, he doubtless wanted something besides mere profits. In both business and politics he kept an organized force of toughs, who beat up his enemies, worked his deals, formed his unions. He needed to provide for them; and these boss scooper saloons were good berths. He convinced the grain-carrying companies, who saw how he had straightened out the system of freight handling. Out went the old boss scoopers who had grown gray in the service, and in went his own henchmen, his scrappers, his toughs. At first they worked along in the old way.

Trouble broke out at once. The men found that they were making less out of a week's work than they used to. The boss shovelers attributed it to the uncertainty of readjustment; but the pay envelopes continued to shrink. Political enemies went among the men, persuading them to put spies on the business. They found that, in certain elevators, the boss scoopers were stuffing the rolls with dummy names. Of forty scoopers enrolled on one job, say, ten would be dummies. When, on Saturday night, the boss scooper handed the pay envelopes over the bar, he would hold out the envelopes of the fictitious ten, remarking that those fellows would call later for their money. Other causes of complaint arose; this was the main one.

The men clamored, threatened to strike, made so much trouble that neither the heelers nor the boss shovelers could hold them down. So Fingy Conners installed the wage system—a thing which had been in his mind, probably, from the very first.

Then an evil which had already become a cause of complaint grew until it dwarfed all other issues. The boss shovelers were creatures of Conners, owing their positions to him. Their wholesale trade in liquor, cigars, and beer made a big piece of business. It was charged, and never disproved, that the boss shovelers bought these supplies just where Conners ordered them to buy, and that Conners got an agent's commission on every box of cigars, every keg, every bottle. It is certain that the shovelers bought their beer of one brewery exclusively—that brewery in which Conners was a director. Always this saloon feature had been a fault in the grain handling at Buffalo; it remained for Conners and his men to render it intolerable.

So, if you were a scooper on the Buffalo docks, the way to the heart of the shoveler, your immediate boss, and the heart of Conners, his boss, ran across the bar of a saloon. Your pay came over that bar, minus the brass checks issued for the drinks you had consumed during the week. The boss shoveler knew exactly how much you were doing for his business. These boss shovelers, and the big boss of all the shovelers, became so greedy that the man who took all his wages home on Saturday night stood no chance for work. And this pressed hard upon the women and children—whenever won, they lost. In most dock families the father and provider that came home without a "load" came home also without his job.

In the winter of 1898-99, the grumblings against this system grew into open protest; in the spring, when the grain-handling season was at hand, the scoopers formed a union—one of their own this time—and struck against Conners and his boss shovelers. The very origin of this strike was toll to the kind of politics which Conners has always played. Rowland B. Mahany, a brilliant Irish lawyer, had represented Buffalo for two terms in Congress. On his third nomination, Con-

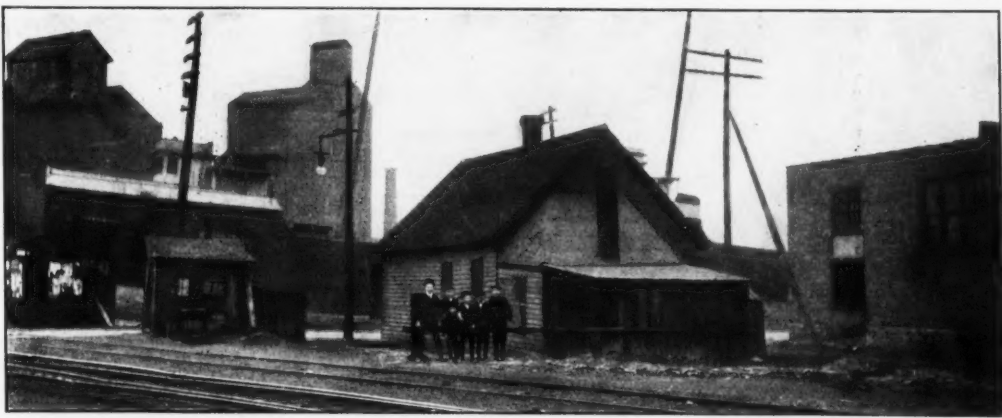
ners threw in against Mahany the power of his two newspapers and pounded him out of politics. "An' Mahany," runs the dock tradition, "he swore that for every dhirty dollar it cost Conners to bate him, he wud make Conners spend a hundred." Some one quoted this to Conners. "Rats!" he said; "w'en I want Mahany, he'll come in a hack."

Naturally an agitator, naturally a drifter with currents, Mahany took hold of the rebellion on the docks, crystallized it into a violent revolution against Conners, and interested the public outside of the ward. Like a good politician, he perceived that the moral side of the case—the condition of the women and children—was his best card with the public. He interested all the clergymen of Buffalo, and especially the Catholics. It was a Catholic matter after all, since most of the scoopers were Irishmen—rough and violent, but faithful sons of their Church. Father Cronin, editor of the "Catholic Union and Times," swung in with Mahany to make that fight for Irish homes.

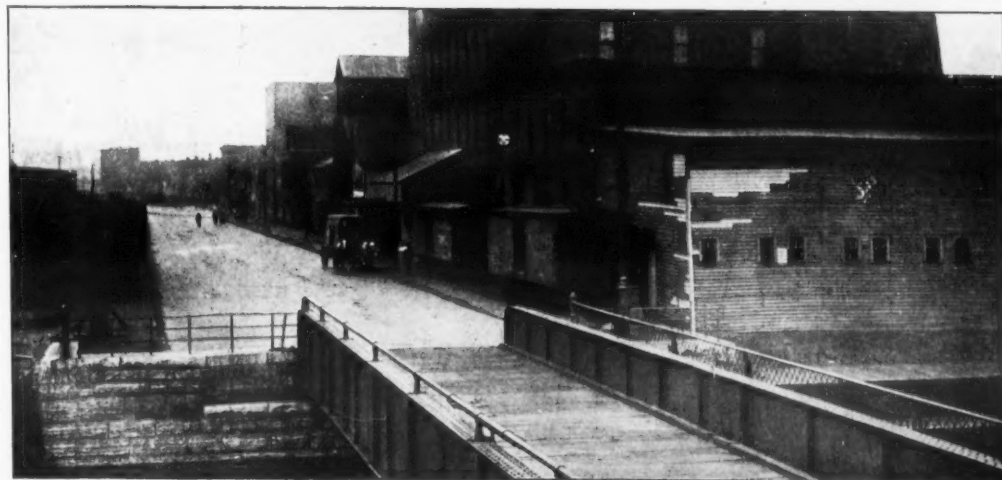
Then began a curious strike. The bruisers and

toughs of Conners gathered from all the lake ports to harass the union men, to "persuade" their leaders, and to defend the strike-breakers, mainly Poles, Italians, and negroes, whom Conners—all his fighting blood up by this time—rushed in from New York and Chicago. Both sides did violence, but the non-union men most of all. Three times the Conners heelers cleaned out and demolished saloons in which the union men gathered; every night some striker or other was beaten up or thrown into the canal. That Conners sanctioned all these acts, so harmful to his cause, is improbable. He had too much practical sense for that. He was working through toughs, and they had to have their sport now and then. The union men fought back. They killed a nephew of James Kennedy, the ally of Conners in the dock work. Mahany has always declared that this was a little mistake on the part of his own crowd. He had warned James Kennedy, on penalty of death, not to cross the line into the First Ward. The union men, taking young Kennedy for his uncle, killed him for the name.

(Continued on page 23)



In this area stood the saloon which "Fingy" Conners inherited from his father. This came only after a series of disasters by which all the family property fell into the hands of young Conners



The barn at the extreme right of the elevator held once the first saloon that "Fingy" Conners bought after he inherited his original property from his father. It was a centre, in his time, of all the gang politics in his ward. From this establishment he made his first venture in freight contracting—the foundation of his larger fortunes



The saloon in the centre of this view is the last saloon property in which "Fingy" Conners had any active interest. It has been successively "William J. Conners's," "Nugent's Hotel," and "Hurley's Hotel." Nugent is husband of Conners's niece, and Hurley is Conners's half-brother. From the little building to the right, Conners runs his great contracting business, which employs from 4,000 to 6,000 men



Bryan as a Speechmaker

Two Intimate Accounts of His Spellbinding Campaigns and His Chautauqua Lecturing



MR. BRYAN has, in all probability, spoken to more people than any other man in history.

In 1887 Bryan moved to Lincoln, a poor and struggling young lawyer, and made himself acquainted with the people of his district by speaking throughout the campaign of 1888. It had been the fashion of the Democrats of that district (Republican by 4,000) to pass the nomination for Congress around among the leaders as an empty compliment, accepting defeat as a matter of course and with such grace as they could muster. It so happened that, in 1890, Bryan had delivered an exceptional speech at the University, and had surprised local attention. The district convention came along at about that time, and some one suggested, half in jest, that the newly found orator be complimented with the nomination for Congress.

"A good idea," said the wearied old war-horses. "Let the colts of the party receive a few stripes from the lash of defeat, and they will better appreciate our scars."

But Bryan, young and optimistic, didn't believe in the "lash of defeat." So they let him write the platform and run. In the course of his speech he predicted his election. The convention howled with some enthusiasm at his audacity, but mostly with laughter at his hardihood. Bryan only smiled his expansive smile, and took off his coat and went to work. His first move was to challenge the Republican nominee to a series of joint debates. That gentleman contemptuously accepted. They met and Bryan smothered him. The young men of the district, with the inherent love of youth for a plucky fighter, lined up and yelled for the new champion. To everybody's surprise, Bryan reversed the normal Republican plurality. Two years later, at the second election, he pulled through by a scant 140 votes, but even this was an achievement. Judge Steele resigned a remunerative position to make the race and put down this daring young David. The judge has probably regretted that resignation many times since.

When the time for the third contest came, Bryan, with the rarest of luck, or the rarest of judgment, announced himself as not a candidate, and went into the Chicago convention as the orator of the Platte.

It is estimated that 5,000,000 people heard Bryan during the campaign of 1896. Of course, there is no way of authenticating the figures, and yet it is easy to see that they are possible, for Bryan spoke morning, noon, and night, and everywhere the train stopped between times. He almost duplicated the feat in 1900 (and so did the vigorous candidate for Vice-President on the opposing ticket), so it is easy to see how he has had his share of public attention during campaigns, but what has kept him in the public eye between times?

What has held Bryan close to the people's heart and head? The answer best worth considering is this: the Lyceum and the Chautauqua, especially the Chautauqua. In the great Middle West, which is the backbone of Bryan's support, the Chautauqua is an institution. There are, approximately, six hundred or more scattered through the West, and every season adds to their number. Bryan is the Chautauqua star, *par excellence*, the headline of them all. His voice is big, his personality is big, well-suited to large auditoriums and unconventional crowds. He can talk politics and not offend, for he has a sense of humor and is willing to turn the laugh against himself occasionally. He can talk ethics and leave his audience exalted. The Republicans who come to laugh remain to admire, the Democrats who come to admire remain to worship, and all of them file up and shake hands almost prayerfully. Bryan meets many of them personally. If the Democratic County Committee isn't there to receive him, he doesn't care. He talks to the policeman on the corner or the baggageman at the

Bryan and the Chautauqua

By EDMUND VANCE COOKE

depot. He dodges no subject but one. That one is Bryan.

"It's all right to talk personalities between friends," says Mr. Bryan, "but when I have talked of myself for publication, I have been appalled at the number of 'I's' and 'me's' which seem to have crept in."

But upon a public platform a man must be 'personal.' No matter how infrequent the personal pronoun, it is his voice which speaks, his eye which flashes, his arm which gesticulates, his personality which dominates the scene. And Bryan talked thus personally to 300,000 people during the Chautauqua season of 1907. He has been delivering from 100 to 150 Lyceum and Chautauqua addresses yearly for a dozen years.

Few people realize the extent and influence of the Chautauquas and the possibilities they afford a public man with a purpose. It is doubtful whether Mr. Bryan himself realizes his indebtedness to them. Comparatively few people know anything about the extent of the Chautauqua movement, and especially in the East, where the Chautauqua originated, is the ignorance of the real outgrowth most profound. The conservative Democrat of the East, for example, continually rubs his eyes and scratches his head over the vitality of the Bryan boom.

"Chautauqua?" Why, that is a lake in western New York, with a summer school. Some such vague idea exists in many minds, and even when they do know what Chautauqua Institute (of New York) is, they do not know that it is a mere drop in the bucket of the great Chautauqua movement of the West. These Chautauquas are held for about ten-day sessions, from June to September, all over the West, and the aim is to hold them when and where the rural population can attend. And it does. The farmer and his family buy season tickets, and they attend the sessions, afternoon and evening, for ten days, even to physical exhaustion and intellectual indigestion.

They hear the prelude by the soprano and the reader, they listen to the lecture by the more or less great statesman, orator, minister, or traveler, they hear the Jubilee singers, the well-known author, and they see the magician and the moving pictures.

If they do not buy season tickets, they at least drive to town on "Bryan Day." Indeed, part of Bryan's fee is conditioned upon the extra admissions at the gate, and it is said that his own share amounts to about \$25,000 in a single summer. In one day last summer his receipts were \$1,200. The Chautauqua received a like amount.

Most people can understand the figures of gate-receipts if a little slow to accept figures of speech. They can begin to realize Bryan's popularity when it is expressed in dollars, and yet Mr. Bryan's fees are the smallest part of the dividends from his platform work, as before hinted. It is only fair to Mr. Bryan to mention that he makes more speeches without pay than he does for pay. A large part of his time is devoted to public and party work, which not only brings no profits, but involves a very considerable expense.

Nor does Mr. Bryan charge "all the traffic will bear." It is interesting to note that his contracts provide that the admission fee to hear him shall not be higher than the same fee for at least two other numbers of the "Course." Is this modesty the wisdom of the serpent or the harmlessness of the dove? He is also cautious in expressing his opinion of his confrères. "Who is the greatest orator you have ever heard?" he was asked. "Oh," answered Mr. Bryan coyly, yet without a blush

of self-consciousness, "I have heard too many good Democrats speak to answer that."

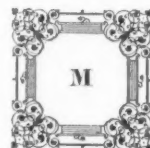
Mr. Bryan has ideas about introductions, from which he has suffered, and he lays down one infallible rule. "When an audience becomes tired of the introduction, it is time for the introducer to stop." "The laudatory introduction," he says, "should be avoided. Not that one objects to being well thought of, but he objects to having people watch him while he blushes, or, worse still, to watch him while he fails to blush when he ought to."

Mr. Bryan has long since ceased to blush when introduced as "our next President," though perhaps there is a touch of incredulity in his smile. And if the Presidency comes to him, he may thank the Chautauqua, and if the Presidency flees from him, the Chautauqua is still there, and waiting to welcome him again.

Campaigning with Bryan

By ROBERT F. ROSE

(Official shorthand reporter with Mr. Bryan in the campaigns of 1896 and 1900)



MR. BRYAN addressed a meeting in Centralia, and it was late when the party started back to Salem, Illinois. We arrived in Odin, six miles from Salem, at midnight, and there was no train from Odin to Salem until four o'clock the next morning. Two farmers loaded hay-racks on wagons and contracted to convey the party to Salem. Now, Salem was a "dry" town, and Odin at that time was extremely "wet." Some of the correspondents bought a couple of cases of Milwaukee's chief product, and placed one in each wagon. A bottle of the beverage was opened and offered to Mr. Bryan, and we then found that he had never touched intoxicants in any way and had never used tobacco.

During the campaigns of 1896 and 1900 there were from ten to thirty-two speeches, of from ten minutes to two hours in duration, made each day; in one week we traveled from Bath, Maine, to St. Louis, Missouri, punctuating each stop with an address; frequently I have filed to the Associated Press as many as thirty thousand words in a single day; Mr. Bryan has begun to speak as early as five o'clock in the morning and concluded his "day's work" at half-past two the following morning. In the first campaign the correspondents, in common with others, were watching for signs of a breakdown, but all the time he was proceeding with no visible effects of his strenuous work.

In the first campaign it was impossible for him to procure much rest, for a large portion of the trips were made in ordinary day coaches—and frequently the railroad companies saw to it that the coaches were very ordinary. In that campaign he was young, however—so young, as he now says, that "about all I had to prove that I was old enough to be a candidate was the Constitution of the United States and the bald spot on my head." Even then he had the ability to rest "before becoming weary." Many times have I seen him, after making a ten-minute address in the morning, following a full night's sleep, rest his head against the back of a seat in an ordinary day coach and in less than two minutes be sleeping soundly. In the latter part of the campaign of 1896 and in 1900 he had a private car, and listened to the advice of friends about obtaining rest. After each speech, no matter of how short duration, he would seek the seclusion of his stateroom, and lie down and sleep until the next stop. If the speech was of such length as to cause perspiration, immediately on coming into his stateroom he was undressed

and rubbed down with alcohol as carefully as an athlete in training, and fresh clothes were given him. But with all these precautions, no man with less splendid physique and rugged constitution could have stood the vigorous work which he performed. I have never helped in taking care of Mr. Bryan on an occasion of this kind without wondering if he would not have made a great wrestler had he been so inclined. He is a physical giant, and has a constitution never ravaged by alcoholic stimulants.

But no matter how many speeches were made, or how many crowds it was necessary to "fight" in order to gain the speakers' stand, or how flimsy the structure from which he had to speak (and we had twenty-eight of them fall with us during the first campaign), Mr. Bryan's good humor never left him. And the speaking was but a small portion of the work, for in nearly every city, in making arrangements, the great crowds were underestimated, and the police were powerless in the way of keeping friends from jostling against their candidate, squeezing his hand until it was swollen to nearly twice its normal size, and, by a concentrated rush, carrying him away from his point of destination. It was found necessary for the correspondents to form a sort of "flying wedge" to fight the crowds and protect Mr. Bryan.

Robbing the Detective

IN ONE day, in the State of Michigan, Mr. Bryan addressed twenty-two assemblages before Lansing was reached, where other speeches were to be made. There the crowds were of such magnitude that, after the first two speeches, the correspondents found it impossible to keep up with the candidate, and, becoming separated, repaired to the train. It was after midnight when Mr. Bryan came into the car, his clothes dripping wet from perspiration. He was asked how many speeches he had made that night, and laughingly replied "Six," and then added, "and I really feel fit for as many more." After he had discarded his wet garments and got into dry clothes, he came out in the dining-room of the car for a lunch. The detective who was with us, to rid us of the pickpocket pest, was sleeping in a chair in one of the staterooms. Mr. Bryan saw him and, calling the correspondents, he relieved the sleeping sleuth of his watch and chain.

In the 1900 campaign the work on the road was the least difficult that Mr. Bryan had to perform. Profiting by his experience of four years before, he secured a private car early, and insisted that all the short speeches should be made from the platform of his car, thereby avoiding, in a great measure, the necessity of battling with the crowds. James Dahlmann, who was afterward known as Omaha's cowboy Mayor, and who at that time was a member of the National Committee from Nebraska, accompanied Mr. Bryan a great portion of the time, and insisted on the candidate receiving the care which his work entitled him to. His hardest work—that which told more on him than did the active campaigning—was at his home, where, seated at his desk in his library, he labored from early morning until late at night, dictating letters or preparing his most important speeches. His physique demanded exercise, and the sedentary life at home did not give that exercise. This was really hard work for him; the other he regarded as part play. Many times have I hidden his work while he stepped out of the library, and, seconded by Mrs. Bryan, prevailed on him to ride on his thoroughbred horse, Governor, or drive out to his country place, now the site of his beautiful residence, "Fairview." On such occasions he would complain that he "ought not to take the time away from work," and then would proceed to discuss the best breed of chickens for his farm, or some other matter relating not at all to things political. His wonderful ability to throw the work from his mind when seeking rest was also a factor in keeping him up during the campaigns.

I have frequently been asked "When did Mr. Bryan find time to prepare his speeches?" With the exception of the most important addresses, such as the notification speech, Labor Day speech, and others on special occasions of that kind, he did not prepare. It was only when he desired to address some body of people on a most important occasion, and wished his speech sent out before it was delivered, in order that the newspapers could have it in advance, that he apparently gave his subject much thought. His spontaneous addresses were always the best, his delivery suffering much when he read from manuscript. The notification speech delivered in Indianapolis in 1900 held a great crowd for two hours in the hot sun, but it was not until he delivered the peroration, which he had memorized, and which contained his conception of a perfect nation, that there was really any great enthusiasm. His 1896 notification speech in Madison Square Garden, New York City, was carefully prepared and read from manuscript, and was a disappointment to those who heard it, not comparing with the extemporaneous address made a half-hour later

from the balcony of the Bartholdi Hotel. When I first went with him, I told him I had been instructed to send every speech in full, whether there were repetitions or not, and requested him to help me as much as possible by getting me through the crowds. He told me that the shorthand man was the one he feared the most, as it made him give each speech a different wording. He saw to it, however, that I was given a place in the carriage at each stop. While in each speech there was much that had been said before, he skilfully changed the wording, and in nearly every address some new thought was brought out. These were suggested to him in various ways.

Perhaps an editorial in the morning paper brought forth some reply; perhaps some one in the audience would listen things up by shooting in some question. In the more than 1,400 speeches made in the two campaigns,

by the back of the neck, and shook him vigorously while he said: "Look here, young fellow, he's just answered that a few minutes ago. Now you shut up!"

No man in public life inspires his adherents with such devotion as does Mr. Bryan. Those in his Congressional district who have known him for years hold him in such esteem that it can only be described as love. And no public man regards his followers with more devotion than does Mr. Bryan. When leaving Lincoln on the big trip of the 1896 campaign, the train traversed a large portion of his old Congressional district. It was in the evening and we were frequently stopped at country cross-roads by farmers, bearing home-made torches, each anxious to shake hands with Mr. Bryan and



wish him Godspeed. At one of these places the members of the small crowd were particularly fervent, and, as each shook his hand, he would say: "God bless you, Billy!" or some other expression showing his love. As the train pulled away, Mr. Bryan remained on the back platform as long as he could distinguish the lights produced by the torches, and then, visibly affected, he turned to go into the car. "Mr. Bryan," I said, "there was love; there was affection." With all the earnestness of his wonderfully earnest nature, he replied: "Yes, it is love; and, Rose, I would rather have that small handful of farmers you have just seen at my back than all the bankers of Wall Street."

There was an Irish section-hand out in Lincoln who on two occasions during the '96 campaign disturbed the equanimity of Mr. Bryan. The first was when we left Lincoln on the second trip of the campaign, and occurred during Mr. Bryan's speech. The Bryan Home Guards had acted as an escort to the depot, preceded by two bands. About the back end of the train a great crowd of the Lincoln people had gathered. There were two or three glee clubs, the inevitable "sixteen little girls in white and one in yellow," and all the other features that went to make up an occasion of that kind. In replying to a request for a speech, Mr. Bryan thanked his fellow citizens for their demonstration, and said that when he first left Lincoln to go to New York and make the notification speech he had told them that he was going into the enemy's country. But, he said, there was no enemy's country, for he had found as good binetlists in New England as there were in Nebraska. He said that the silver sentiment was growing; that no one would dispute that it was stronger that day than it had been a year before, or even a month or a week before, and had just made the assertion that "It is stronger to-day than it was yesterday," when this Irishman threw his hat in the air, and yelled: "Hurrah for to-morrow!"

Two days after election there was another scene in which this man had a leading part. Chairman Jones had conceded the election to Mr. McKinley, and there was much gloom around the Bryan residence. The correspondents had been ordered home, and had called on Mr. Bryan to say good-by. We were seated in the front room of his house, waiting for Mr. Bryan, when the section-hand was announced. From one of his hands two fingers were absent, the result of an accident on the railroad. He was greatly affected, the tears rolling down his cheeks as he looked out the window to escape the gaze of the newspaper men. At last Mr. Bryan came in, and spoke to him. The big, brawny fellow grasped Mr. Bryan by the hand.

"Mr. Bryan," he began—but he got no farther, and he sobbed like a child. By a great effort he controlled himself, and, holding up the hand with the missing fingers, said: "Mr. Bryan, I didn't shed a tear when they took those off."

It is safe to say that during the two campaigns Mr. Bryan addressed more people than any other man in the country's history, and, without doubt, there are many who regard him as a really great orator, while others

Balloting for Billy

By ROGER WEST

OH, the hunting is a-blooming, and the oratory's booming,
And the Democrats are stripping for a new pom-pow;
And they're stirring up the voter in the hills of South Dakota!
There are folks in Alabama making speeches from the plow!
And every district leader is his own especial pleader
On the things he'll do in Denver when the gavel sounds the gong.
And the South Chicago dreamers, and the Brussels-carpet schemers,
Have a monogram on Someone that they want to push along!
But they might as well forego it, 'cause the vision of the poet—
When each has been the donor
Of a kick at the Commoner—
Hears the delegates in Denver sing the same old song!

Oh, Kokomo, Keokuk, Kankakee!
They're waitin' for Eternity and "Will. J. B."!
The Everglades are sighin' with the praise of Billy Bryan!
And there's cheering out in Kansas like the roaring of the sea!
Oh, Politics, Fiddlesticks, Primaries, and Pooh!
They love him like a brother and they've taught their children to,
Their aunts and their relations, and the future generations,
Will be balloting for Billy like their daddies used to do!

THE papers that are printed in the proper place have hinted,
"Let Minnesota Johnson teach the Teddy Bear to dance!"
And they say there is a levet in the lobby of the Senate
That they grow a man in Delaware who ought to have a chance!
And editors emphatic for a platform Democratic,
They do declare both clock and men, when run, run only down;
And recommend a tonic, as the habit's getting chronic;
While factions Socialistic,
With factions Egotistic,
Are flirting in a whisper you can hear across the town!

Oh, Tommy-rot, Tommy-bosh, Tom-toms all!
They're barking up the people, but the show's next fall.
There's a whoop for the Commoner in the sands of Arizona,
Till echo cries "Kimona," from the Chinese Wall!
Oh, South Platte, North Platte, Pannee, and Peru!
Who cares about the winner when the game's played through?
When the grass grows high above him, in the counties where they love him,
They'll be balloting for Billy like their daddies used to do!

no two were alike—certainly a tax on the resources of any speaker, no matter how versatile he may be.

"Waking Him Up"

THE correspondents frequently came to Mr. Bryan's relief by suggesting new subjects and discussing them with him. Then, too, when they saw that, because of the frequency of his addresses, his talking was becoming more or less "wooden" or mechanical, one of the boys would often get out in the crowd and, hiding himself, fire in some pertinent question in order to "wake him up." In a little town in southern Illinois an occurrence of this kind happened which might have ended disastrously on the part of the correspondent. It was early in the morning, and Mr. Bryan spoke from the court-house steps. This correspondent was late in getting to the place of the meeting, and Mr. Bryan had spoken some time when the newspaper man arrived upon the scene. There was a great deal of criticism at the time regarding the election laws of North Carolina, which, it was claimed, practically disfranchised a large portion of the colored population. This correspondent mixed with the crowd, and, with the best intentions, when Mr. Bryan stopped for a moment, shouted: "How about North Carolina?" Hardly had the words escaped from his mouth when a horny-handed son of toil grabbed him

The SCREAMINGS

The First of a Two-part Story Recording the Odd Death of the Physician's Wife,

By F. MARION CRAWFORD



Part I

I HAVE often heard it scream. No, I am not nervous; I am not imaginative, and I never believed in ghosts, unless that thing is one. Whatever it is, it hates me almost as much as it hated Luke Pratt, and it screams at me.

If I were you, I would never tell ugly stories about ingenious ways of killing people, for you never can tell but that some one at the table may be tired of his or her nearest and dearest. I have always blamed myself for Mrs. Pratt's death, and I suppose I was responsible for it in a way, though heaven knows I never wished her anything but long life and happiness. If I had not told that story, she might be alive yet. That is why the thing screams at me, I fancy.

She was a good little woman, with a sweet temper, all things considered, and a nice, gentle voice; but I remember hearing her shriek once when she thought her little boy was killed by a pistol that went off, though every one was sure that it was not loaded. It was the same scream; exactly the same, with a sort of rising quaver at the end; do you know what I mean? Unmistakable.

The truth is I had not realized that the doctor and his wife were not on good terms. They used to bicker a bit now and then when I was here, and I often noticed that little Mrs. Pratt got very red and bit her lip hard to keep her temper, while Luke grew pale and said the most offensive things. He was that sort when he was in the nursery, I remember, and afterward at school. He was my cousin, you know; that is how I came by this house; after he died, and his boy Charley was killed in South Africa, there were no relations left. Yes, it's a pretty little property, just the sort of thing for an old sailor like me who has taken to gardening.

One always remembers one's mistakes much more vividly than one's cleverest things, doesn't one? I've often noticed it. I was dining with the Pratts one night, when I told them the story that afterward made so much difference. It was a wet night in November, and the sea was moaning. Hush—if you don't speak, you will hear it now.

Do you hear the tide? Gloomy sound, isn't it? Sometimes, about this time of year—hallo!—there it is! Don't be frightened, man—it won't eat you—it's only a noise, after all! But I'm glad you've heard it, because there are always people who think it's the wind, or my imagination, or something. You won't hear it again to-night, I fancy, for it doesn't often come more than once. Yes—that's right. Put another stick on the fire and a little more stuff into that weak mixture you're so fond of. Do you remember old Blauklot, the carpenter, on that German ship that picked us up when the *Clontarf* went to the bottom? We were hove to in a howling gale one night, as snug as you please, with no land within five hundred miles and the ship coming up and falling off as regularly as clockwork. "Biddy te boor beebles ashore tis night, poys!" old Blauklot sang out as he went off to his quarters with the sailmaker. I often think of that, now that I'm ashore for good and all.

Yes, it was on a night like this, when I was at home for a spell, waiting to take the *Olympia* out on her first trip—it was on the next voyage that she broke the record, you remember—but that dates it. Ninety-two was the year, early in November.

The weather was dirty, Pratt was out of temper, and the dinner was bad, very bad indeed, which didn't improve matters, and cold, which made it worse. The poor little lady was very unhappy about it, and insisted on making a Welsh rarebit on the table to counteract the raw turnips and the half-boiled mutton. Pratt must have had a hard day. Perhaps he had lost a patient. At all events, he was in a nasty temper.

"My wife is trying to poison me, you see!" he said.

"She'll succeed some day." I saw that she was hurt, and I made believe to laugh, and said that Mrs. Pratt was much too clever to get rid of her husband in such a simple way; and then I began to tell them about Japanese tricks with spun glass and chopped horsehair and the like.

Pratt was a doctor and knew a lot more than I did about such things, but that only put me on my mettle, and I told a story about a woman in Ireland who did for three husbands before any one suspected foul play.

Did you never hear that tale? The fourth husband managed to keep awake and caught her, and she was hanged. How did she do it? She drugged them and poured melted lead into their ears through a little horn funnel when they were asleep.

No—that's the wind whistling. It's backing up to the southward again. I can tell by the sound. Besides, the other thing doesn't often come more than once in an evening, even at this time of year—when it happened. Yes, it was in November. Poor Mrs. Pratt died suddenly in her bed not long after I dined here. I can fix the date, because I got the news in New York by the steamer that followed the *Olympia* when I took her out on her first trip. You had the *Leofric* the same year? Yes, I remember. What a pair of old buffers we are coming to be, you and I. Nearly fifty years since we were apprentices together on the *Clontarf*. Shall you ever forget old Blauklot? "Biddy te boor beebles ashore, poys!" Ha, ha! Take a little more with all that water. It's the old Hulstkamp I found in the cellar when this house came to me, the same I brought Luke from Amsterdam five and twenty years ago. He had never touched a drop of it. Perhaps he's sorry now, poor fellow.

Where did I leave off? I told you that Mrs. Pratt died suddenly—yes. Luke must have been lonely here after she was dead, I should think; I came to see him now and then, and he looked worn and nervous, and told me that his practise was growing too heavy for him, though he wouldn't take an assistant on any account. Years went on, and his son was killed in South Africa, and after that he began to be queer. There was something about him not like other people. I believe he kept his senses in his profession to the end; there was no complaint of his having made bad mistakes in cases, or anything of that sort, but he had a look about him—

Luke was a redheaded man with a pale face when he was young, and he was never stout; in middle age he turned a sandy gray, and after his son died he grew thinner and thinner till his head looked like a skull with parchment stretched over it very tight, and his eyes had a sort of glare in them that was very disagreeable to look at.

He had an old dog that poor Mrs. Pratt had been fond of and that used to follow her everywhere. He was a bulldog, and the sweetest tempered beast you ever saw, though he had a way of hitching his upper lip behind one of his fangs that frightened strangers a good deal. Sometimes, of an evening, Pratt and Bumble—that was the dog's name—used to sit and look at each other a long time, thinking about old times, I suppose, when Luke's wife used to sit in that chair you've got. That was always her place, and this was the doctor's, where I'm sitting. Bumble used to climb up by the footstool—he was old and fat by that time, and could not jump much, and his teeth were getting shaky. He would look steadily at Luke, and Luke looked steadily at the dog, his face growing more and more like a skull with two little coals for eyes; and after about five minutes or so, though it may have been less, old Bumble would suddenly begin to shake all over, and all on a sudden he would set up an awful howl, as if he had been shot, and tumble out of the easy-chair and trot away, and hide himself under the sideboard, and lie there making odd noises.

Considering Pratt's looks in those last months, the thing is not surprising, you know. I'm not nervous or imaginative, but I can quite believe he might have sent a sensitive woman into hysterics—his head looked so much like a skull in parchment.

At last I came down one day before Christmas, when my ship was in dock and I had three weeks off. Bumble was not about, and I said casually that I supposed the old dog was dead.

"Yes," Pratt answered, and I thought there was something odd in his tone even before he went on after a little pause. "I killed him," he said presently. "I could not stand it any longer."

I asked what it was that Luke could not stand, though I guessed well enough.

"He had a way of sitting in her chair and glaring at me, and then howling," Luke shivered a little. "He didn't suffer at all, poor old Bumble," he went on in a hurry, as if he thought I might imagine he had been cruel. "I put dionine into his drink, to make him sleep soundly, and then I chloroformed him gradually, so that he could not have felt suffocated even if he was dreaming. It's been quieter since then."

I wondered what he meant, for the words slipped out as if he could not help saying them. I've understood since. He meant that he did not hear that noise so often after the dog was out of the way. Perhaps he thought at first that it was old Bumble in the yard howling at the moon, though it's not that kind of noise, is it? Besides, I know what it is, if Luke didn't. It's only a noise, after all, and a noise never hurt anybody yet. But he was much more imaginative than I am. No doubt there really is something about this place that I don't understand; but when I don't understand a thing, I call it a phenomenon, and I don't take it for granted that it's going to kill me, as he

did. I don't understand everything, by long odds, nor do you, nor does any man who has been to sea. We used to talk of tidal waves, for instance, and we could not account for them; now we account for them by calling them submarine earthquakes, and we branch off into fifty theories, any one of which might make earthquakes quite comprehensible if we only knew what they are. I fell in with one of them once, and the inkstand flew straight up from the table against the ceiling of my cabin. The same thing happened to Captain Lecky—I dare say you've read about it in his "Wrinkles." Very good. If that sort of thing took place ashore, in this room for instance, a nervous person would talk about spirits and levitation and fifty things that mean nothing, instead of just quietly setting it down as a "phenomenon" that has not been explained yet. My view of that voice, you see.

Besides, what is there to prove that Luke killed his wife? I would not even suggest such a thing to any one but you. After all, there was nothing but the coincidence that poor little Mrs. Pratt died suddenly in her bed a few days after I told that story at dinner. She was not the only woman who ever died like that. Luke got the doctor over from the next parish, and they agreed that she had died of something the matter with her heart. Why not? It's common enough.

Of course, there was the ladle. I never told anybody about that, and it made me start when I found it in the cupboard in the bedroom. It was new, too—a little tinned iron ladle that had not been in the fire more than once or twice, and there was some lead in it that had been melted, and stuck to the bottom of the bowl, all gray, with hardened dross on it. But that proves nothing. A country doctor is generally a handy man, who does everything for himself, and Luke may have had a dozen reasons for melting a little lead in a ladle. He was fond of sea-fishing, for instance, and he may have cast a sinker for a night-line; perhaps it was a weight for the hall clock, or something like that. All the same, when I found it I had a rather queer sensation, because it looked so much like the thing I had described when I told them the story. Do you understand? It affected me unpleasantly, and I threw it away; it's at the bottom of the sea a mile from the Spit, and it will be jolly well rusted beyond recognizing if it's ever washed up by the tide.

You see, Luke must have bought it in the village years ago, for the man sells just such ladles still. I suppose they are used in cooking. In any case, there was no reason why an inquisitive housemaid should find such a thing lying about, with lead in it, and wonder what it was, and perhaps talk to the maid who heard me tell the story at dinner—for that girl married the plumber's son in the village, and may remember the whole thing.

You understand me, don't you? Now that Luke Pratt is dead and gone, and lies buried beside his wife, with an honest man's tombstone at his head, I should not care to stir up anything that could hurt his memory. They are both dead, and their son, too. There was trouble enough about Luke's death as it was.

How? He was found dead on the beach one morning, and there was a coroner's inquest. There were marks on his throat, but he had not been robbed. The verdict was that he had come to his end "by the hands or teeth of some person or animal unknown," for half the jury thought it might have been a big dog that had thrown him down and gripped his windpipe, though the skin of his throat was not broken. No one knew at what time he had gone out, nor where he had been. He was found lying on his back above high-water mark, and an old cardboard bandbox that had belonged to his wife lay under his hand, open. The lid had fallen off. He seemed to have been carrying home a skull in the box—doctors are fond of collecting such things. It had rolled out and lay near his head, and it was a remarkably fine skull, rather small, beautifully shaped, and very white, with perfect teeth. That is to say, the upper jaw was perfect, but there was no lower one at all when I first saw it.

Yes, I found it here when I came. You see, it was very white and polished, like a thing meant to be kept under a glass case, and the people did not know where it came from, nor what to do with it; so they put it back into the bandbox and set it on the shelf of the cupboard in the best bedroom, and, of course, they showed it to me when I took possession. I was taken down to the beach, too, to be shown the place where Luke was found, and the old fisherman explained just how he was lying, and the skull beside him. The only point he could not explain was why the skull had rolled out on the sloping sand toward Luke's head instead of rolling downhill to his feet. It did not seem odd to me at the time, but I have often thought of it since, for the place is rather steep. I'll take you there to-morrow if you like—I made a sort of cairn of stones there afterward.

When he fell down, or was thrown down—whichever happened—the bandbox struck the sand, and the lid came off, and the thing came out, and ought to have rolled down. But it didn't. It was close to his head, almost touching it, and turned with the face toward it. I say it didn't strike me as odd when the man told me; but I could not help thinking about it afterward, again and again, till I saw a picture of it all when I closed my eyes; and then I began to ask myself why the plaguy thing had rolled up instead of down, and why it had stopped near Luke's head, instead of anywhere else, a yard away, for instance.

You naturally want to know what conclusion I reached.

G SKULL

Physician's Wife, and What Followed

FORD

don't you? None that at all explained the rolling, at all events. But I got something else into my head, after a time, that made me feel downright uncomfortable.

Oh, I don't mean as to anything supernatural! There may be ghosts, or there may not be. If there are, I'm not inclined to believe that they can hurt living people except by frightening them, and, for my part, I would rather face any shape of ghost than a fog in the channel when it's crowded. No. What bothered me was just a foolish idea, that's all, and I can not tell how it began, nor what made it grow till it turned into a certainty.

I was thinking about Luke and his poor wife one evening over my pipe and a dull book, when it occurred to me that the skull might possibly be hers, and I have never got rid of the thought since. You'll tell me there's no sense in it, no doubt; that Mrs. Pratt was buried like a

Christian and is lying in the churchyard, where they put her, and that it's perfectly monstrous to suppose her husband kept her skull in her old bandbox in his bedroom. All the same, in the face of reason and common sense and probability, I'm convinced that he did. Doctors do all sorts of queer things that would make men like you and me feel creepy, and those are just the things that don't seem probable, nor logical, nor sensible to us.

Then, don't you see?—if it really was her skull, poor woman, the only way of accounting for his having it is that he really killed her, and did it in that way, as the woman killed her husbands in the story, and that he was afraid there might be an examination some day which would betray him. You see, I told that too, and I believe it had really happened some fifty or sixty years ago. They dug up the three skulls, you know, and there was a small lump of lead rattling about in each one. That was what hanged the woman. Luke remembered that, I'm sure. I don't want to know what he did when he thought of it; my taste never ran in the direction of horrors, and I don't fancy you care for them either, do you? No. If you did, you might supply what is wanting to the story.

It must have been rather grim, eh? I wish I did not see the whole thing so distinctly, just as everything must have happened. He took it the night before she was buried, I'm sure, after the coffin had been shut, and when the servant girl was asleep. I would bet anything that when he'd got it he put something under the sheet in its place, to

fill up and look like it. What do you suppose he put there under the sheet?

I don't wonder you take me up on what I'm saying! First I tell you that I don't want to know what happened, and that I hate to think about horrors, and then I describe the whole thing to you as if I had seen it. I'm quite sure that it was her work-bag that he put there. I remember the bag very well, for she always used it of an evening; it was made of brown plush, and when it was stuffed full it was about the size of—you understand. Yes, there I am at it again! You may laugh at me, but you don't live here alone, where it was done, and you didn't tell Luke the story about the melted lead. I'm not nervous, I tell you, but sometimes I begin to feel that I understand why some people are. I dwell on all this, when I'm alone, and I dream of it, and when that thing screams—well, frankly, I don't like the noise any more than you do, though I should be used to it by this time.

I ought not to be nervous. I've sailed in a haunted ship. There was a Man in the Top and two-thirds of the crew died of the West Coast fever inside of ten days after we anchored; but I was all right, then and afterward. I have seen some ugly sights, too, just as you have, and all the rest of us. But nothing ever stuck in my head in the way this does.

You see, I've tried to get rid of the thing, but it doesn't like that. It wants to be there in its place, in Mrs. Pratt's band-box in the cupboard in the best bedroom. It's not happy anywhere else. How do I know that? Because I've tried it. You don't suppose that I've not tried, do you? As long as it's there it only screams now and then, generally at this time of year, but if I put it out of the house it goes on all night and no servant will stay here twenty-four hours. As it is, I've often been left alone and have been obliged to shift for myself for a fortnight at a time. No one from the village would ever pass a night under the roof now, and as for selling the place, or even letting it, that's out of the question. The old women say that if I stay here I shall come to a bad end myself before long.

I'm not afraid of that. You smile at the mere idea that any one could take such nonsense seriously. Quite right. It's utterly blatant nonsense, I agree with you. Didn't I tell you that it's only a noise after all, when you started and looked round as if you expected to see a ghost standing behind your chair?

I may be all wrong about the skull, and I like to think that I am—when I can. It may be just a fine specimen which Luke got somewhere long ago, and what rattles about inside when you shake it may be nothing but a pebble, or a bit of hard clay, or anything. Skulls that have lain long in the ground generally have something inside them that rattles, don't they? No, I've never tried to get it out, whatever it is; I'm afraid it might be lead, don't you see? And if it is, I don't want to know the fact, for I'd much rather not be sure. If it really is lead, I killed her quite as much as if I had done the deed myself. Anybody must see that, I should think. As long as I don't know for certain, I have the consolation of saying that it's all utterly ridiculous nonsense, that Mrs. Pratt died a natural death, and that the beautiful skull belonged to Luke when he was a student in London. But if I were quite sure, I believe I should have to leave the house; indeed I do, most certainly. As it is, I had to give up trying to sleep in the best bedroom where the cupboard is.

You ask me why I don't throw it into the pond—yes, but please don't call it a "confounded bugbear"—it doesn't like being called names.

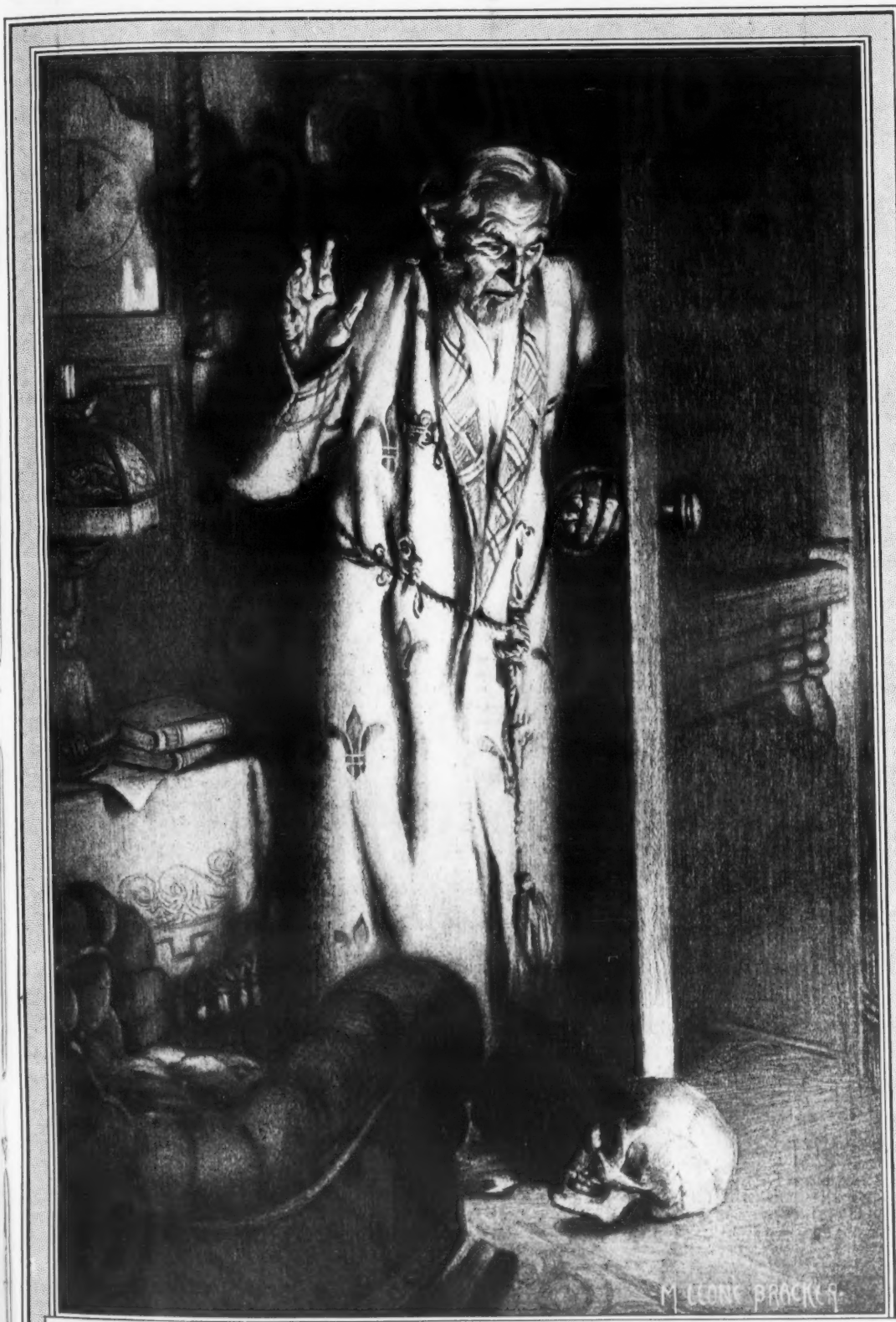
There! Lord, what a shriek! I told you so! You're quite pale, man. Fill up your pipe and draw your chair nearer to the fire, and take some more drink. Old Hollands never hurt anybody yet. I've seen a Dutchman in Java drink half a jug of Hulstkamp in a morning without turning a hair. I don't take much rum myself, because it doesn't agree with my rheumatism, but you are not rheumatic and it won't damage you. Besides, it's a very damp night outside. The wind is howling again and it will soon be in the southwest; do you hear how the windows rattle? The tide must have turned, too, by the moaning.

We should not have heard the thing again, if you had not said that. I'm pretty sure we should not. Oh, yes, if you choose to describe it as a coincidence, you are quite welcome, but I would rather that you should not call the thing names again, if you don't mind. It may be that the poor little woman hears, and perhaps it hurts her, don't you know? Ghost? No! You don't call anything a ghost that you can take in your hands and look at in broad daylight, and that rattles when you shake it. Do you now? But it's something that hears and understands; there's no doubt about that.

I tried sleeping in the best bedroom when I first came to the house, just because it was the best and the most comfortable, but I had to give it up. It was their room, and there's the big bed she died in, and the cupboard is in the thickness of the wall, near the head, on the left. That's where it likes to be kept, in its band-box. I only used the room for a fortnight after I came, and then I turned out, and took the little room downstairs, next to the surgery, where Luke used to sleep when he expected to be called to a patient during the night.

I was always a good sleeper ashore; eight hours is my dose, eleven to seven when I'm alone, twelve to eight when I have a friend with me. But I could not sleep after three o'clock in the morning, in that room—a quarter-past, to be accurate—as a matter of fact, I timed it with my old pocket chronometer, which still keeps good time, and it was always at exactly seventeen minutes past three. I wonder whether that was the hour when she died.

It was not what you have heard. If it had been that I could not have stood it two nights. It was just a start and a moan and hard breathing for a few seconds, in the cupboard, and it could never have waked me, under ordinary circumstances, I'm sure. I suppose you are like me in that, and we are just like other people who have been to sea. No natural sounds disturb us at all, not all the racket of a square-rigger hove to in a heavy gale, or rolling on her beam ends before the wind. But if a lead pencil gets adrift and rattles in the drawer of your cabin table you are



"Something rolled across the threshold and stopped against my foot"

awake in a moment. Just so—you always understand. Very well, the noise in the cupboard was no louder than that, but it waked me instantly.

I said it was like a "start." I know what I mean, but it's hard to explain without seeming to talk nonsense. Of course you can not exactly "hear" a person "start"; at the most, you might hear the quick drawing of the breath between the parted lips and closed teeth, and the almost imperceptible sound of clothing that moved suddenly, though very slightly. It was like that.

You know how one feels what a sailing vessel is going to do, two or three seconds before she does it, when one has the wheel. Riders say the same of a horse, but that's less strange because the horse is a live animal with feelings of its own, and only poets and landsmen talk about a ship being alive, and all that. But I have always felt somehow that besides being a steaming machine or a sailing machine for carrying weights, a vessel at sea is a sensitive instrument and a means of communication between nature and man, and most particularly the man at the wheel, if she is steered by hand. She takes her impressions directly from wind and sea, tide and stream, and transmits them to the man's hand, just as the wireless telegraph picks up the interrupted currents aloft and turns them out below in the form of a message.

You see what I am driving at: I felt that something started in the cupboard, and I felt it so vividly that I heard it, though there may have been nothing to hear, and the sound inside my head waked me suddenly. But I really heard the other noise. It was as if it were muffled inside a box, as far away as if it came through a long-distance telephone; and yet I knew that it was inside the cupboard near the head of my bed. My hair did not bristle and my blood did not run cold that time. I simply resented being waked up by something that had no business to make a noise, any more than a pencil should rattle in the drawer of my cabin table on board ship. For I did not understand; I just supposed that the cupboard had some communication with the outside air, and that the wind had got in and was moaning through it with a sort of very faint screech. I struck a light and looked at my watch, and it was seventeen minutes past three. Then I turned over and went to sleep on my right ear. That's my good one; I'm pretty deaf with the other, for I struck the water with it when I was a lad, in diving from the foretop-sail yard. Silly thing to do, it was, but the result is very convenient, if I want to go to sleep when there's a noise.

That was the first night, and the same thing happened again and several times afterward, but not regularly, though it was always at the same time, to a second; perhaps I was sometimes sleeping on my good ear, and sometimes not. I overhauled the cupboard, and there was no way by which the wind could get in, or anything else, for the door makes a good fit, having been meant to keep out moths, I suppose; Mrs. Pratt must have kept her winter things in it, for it still smells of camphor and turpentine.

After about a fortnight, I had had enough of the noises. So far, I had said to myself that it would be silly to yield to it and take the skull out of the room. Things always look differently by daylight, don't they? But the voice grew louder—I suppose one may call it a voice—and it got inside my deaf ear too, one night. I realized that when I was wide awake, for my good ear was jammed down on the pillow and I ought not to have heard a fog-horn in that position. But I heard that, and it made me lose my temper, unless it scared

me, for sometimes the two are not far apart. I struck a light and got up, and I opened the cupboard, grabbed the band-box and threw it out of the window, as far as I could.

Then my hair stood on end. The thing screamed in the air, like a shell from a twelve-inch gun. It fell on the other side of the road. The night was very dark, and I could not see it fall, but I know it fell beyond the road. The window is just over the front door, it's fifteen yards to the fence, more or less, and the road is ten yards wide. There's a quickset hedge beyond, along the glebe that belongs to the vicarage.

I did not sleep much more that night. It was not more



"Then I took it and carried it up"

than half an hour after I had thrown the band-box out, when I heard a shriek outside—like what we've had to-night, but worse, more despairing. I should call it; and it may have been my imagination, but I could have sworn that the screams came nearer and nearer each time. I lit a pipe, and walked up and down for a bit, and then took a book and sat up reading, but I'll be hanged if I can remember what I read, nor even what the book was, for every now and then a shriek came up that would have made a dead man turn in his coffin.

A little before dawn some one knocked at the front door. There was no mistaking that for anything else, and I opened my window and looked down, for I guessed that some one wanted the doctor, supposing that the new man had taken Luke's house. It was rather a relief to hear a human knock after that awful noise.

You can not see the door from above, owing to the little porch. The knocking came again, and I called out, asking who was there, but nobody answered, though the knock was repeated. I sang out again, and said that the doctor did not live here any longer. There was no answer, but it occurred to me that it might be some old countryman who was stone deaf. So I took my candle and went down to open the door. Upon my word, I was not thinking of the thing yet, and I had almost forgotten the other noises. I went down convinced that I should find somebody outside, on the doorstep, with a message. I set the candle on the hall table so that the wind should not blow it out when I opened. While I was drawing the old-fashioned bolt I heard the knocking again. It was not loud, and it had a queer, hollow sound, now that I was close to it, I remember, but I certainly thought it was made by some person who wanted to get in.

It wasn't. There was nobody there, but as I opened the door inward, standing a little on one side so as to see out at once, something rolled across the threshold and stopped against my boot.

I drew back, as I felt it, for I knew what it was before I looked down. I can not tell you how I knew, and it seemed unreasonable, for I am still quite sure that I had thrown it across the road. It's a French window, that opens wide, and I got a good swing when I flung it out. Besides, when I went out early in the morning I found the band-box beyond the quickset hedge.

You may think it opened when I threw it, and that the skull dropped out; but that's impossible, for nobody could throw an empty cardboard box so far. It's out of the question; you might as well try to fling a ball of paper twenty-five yards, or a blown bird's egg.

To go back, I shut and bolted the hall door, picked the thing up carefully and put it on the table beside the candle. I did that mechanically, as one instinctively does the right thing in danger without thinking at all—unless one does the opposite. It may seem odd, but I believe my first thought had been that somebody might come and find me there on the threshold, while it was resting against my foot, lying a little on its side and turning one hollow eye up at my face, as if it meant to accuse me. And the light and shadow from the candle played in the hollows of the eyes as it stood on the table, so that they seemed to open and shut at me. Then the candle went out quite unexpectedly, though the door was fastened and there was not the least draft; and I used up at least half a dozen matches before it would burn again.

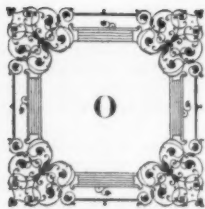
I sat down rather suddenly, without quite knowing why. Probably I had been badly frightened, and perhaps you will admit there was no great shame in being scared. The thing had come home, and it wanted to go upstairs, back to its cupboard.

I sat still and stared at it for a bit, till I began to feel very cold; then I took it up and carried it up and set it in its place, and I remember that I spoke to it and promised that it should have its band-box again in the morning.

(To be concluded next week)

The Pedigree of Charity

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, A.M., M.D.



ONE of the most interesting things about our virtues is that their roots go so far back. Like the gift of speech or fire, they were not handed down to us ready-made from heaven, but have slowly developed from crudest and blindest beginnings, since the very dawn of time. We hear so much of the ferocity of the struggle for existence, of the ruthless Red Law of the jungle, that we are in danger of imagining that selfishness and pure force are the sole law of the animal world, forgetting that altruism is just as essential to progress and survival as egotism.

No species, no order of animals has ever succeeded in raising its head from the slime, without the assistance of a crude altruism, the blind mother of charity—first, in the form of affection for offspring, which they must have if they are to survive the period of infancy; second, in solidarity and community of interest with the pack, the flock, the colony.

A comparatively feeble race of animals which has the faculty of standing together in all emergencies, assisting every comrade in distress, may beat in the struggle for existence, and drive out of the country a more powerful race which is unsociable and solitary in its habits. The tiger will abandon his kill to the wolf-pack, and nothing that walks in the jungle will dispute the right of way with the *Dhole phalanx*, the red dog of the Deccan. On the pampas, the jaguar backs down, snarling, before the flashing tusks of the peccary herd.

Nothing is more thoroughly supported on biologic grounds than the dictum that Charity, like Mercy,

"blesses him that gives, and him that takes." The willingness to sink the welfare of the individual in that of the race is absolutely necessary, not merely to progress, but to survival. This instinct has crystallized itself in a score of forms which might almost be dignified with the name of traditions, yes, of institutions.

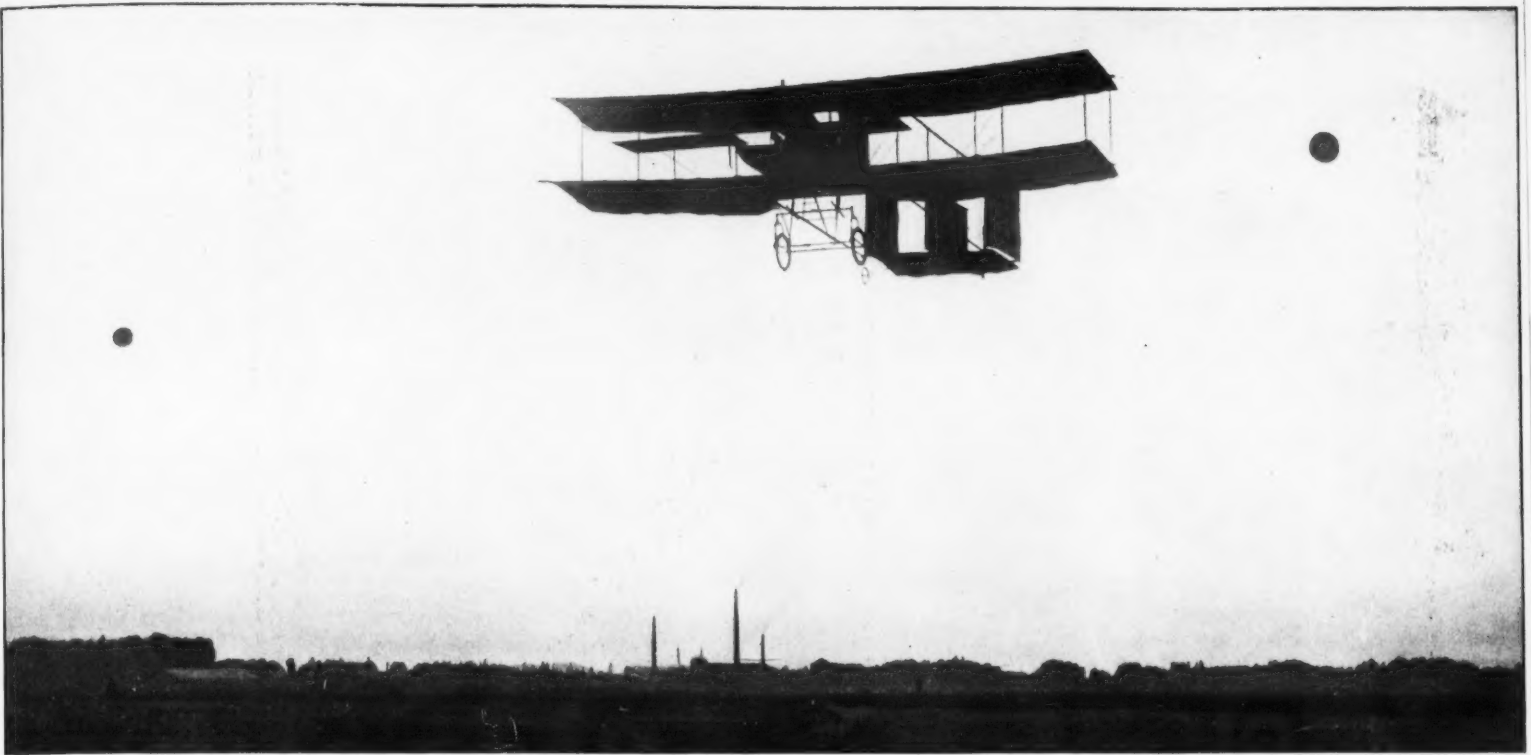
In the wolf-pack, every nursing mother has the right to demand her share of the kill, and every cub, as soon as he can run alone, is permitted to distend his little stomach just as soon as the original killer has satisfied his first hunger, while a grown wolf from another pack would be fought to the death if he dared approach. In the same way, among Indian tribes and other savage communities in the matriarchal stage, every child in the camp or village has a right to his share of whatever food may be in the possession of the tribe. Only in our boasted civilization is the right denied, and we chaffer and haggle over the proposal to see that the rising generation shall be provided with wholesome food for their bodies as well as their minds, at State expense, if necessary. It would be a public calamity if our children were to grow up illiterate, but that they should be stunted and warped physically, mentally, and morally by underfeeding, starvation, and overcrowding seems to be a matter of secondary importance.

An Example Worth Noting

IT IS one of the healthiest signs of the times that the cry of the children is sounding in our ears as never before. But even here, our humbler relatives, whom we contemptuously term the "lower animals,"

have shown us the way. We think we have done something worthy of highest praise in inventing and establishing *crèches* for the care of the children of working women. But we were not the first to think of it. Bless you—no! Not by several thousand years! One of the most charming sights to be seen on our Western plains in the spring when riding the range is to come across the nursery of the herd. You ride over the ridge, and see them scattered out a mile or more all up and down the rich valley. Take your glasses, and a little search will show you, over in the warmest and sunniest corner, a little bunch of red and white dots, looking like puff balls against the green grass. Ride down quietly in that direction, and you come upon a cluster of red and white and speckled calves with fluffy foreheads and innocent round eyes, peacefully curled up, awaiting the return of their mothers for luncheon. The mothers themselves are scattered all up and down the valley, wherever the scant, fresh-springing grass may call them. But do not for a moment imagine that the little fellows are neglected. Only a couple of hundred yards away are grazing from two to four of the keenest-scented, sharpest-horned mothers of the herd, who are keeping one eye on the grass and the other on their charges. If you dare to come within gunshot of the youngsters, you will have to run for it or fight. If you wonder why this watchful care is exercised, use your eyes a moment, and there, over on that ridge, not three-quarters of a mile away, you will see the forms of two or three watching coyotes, sharply outlined against the sky, and you reach for your rifle instinctively.

Organized charity has established the *crèche* and the school playground, but it also now is turning its eye upon the coyote, and its hand is reaching for its rifle.



The record high flight of 22 feet for an aeroplane—Farman's flight at Ghent, Belgium, the height of which was measured by small balloons ten meters in the air

The Flying of Man

ALL the world has torn loose of a sudden in the matter of flying. "Can you fly?" asks Peter Pan, and the children bump themselves. That was two years ago. And now the trick of air control has been caught in a dozen different places. Flying has become catching. On this page we show what the Chinese are doing with the problem of flight, what Knabenshue is planning at Toledo, Ohio, and what Farman, at Ghent, Belgium, has accomplished with a heavier-than-air flying machine. Tse Tsan Tai of the Public Works Department in Hongkong projects an airship of aluminum, with a cigar-shaped balloon and fan propellers. The balloon is a safety buoy, the fan propellers are for advancing, receding, ascending, and descending. He plans three deck propellers, regulated by clockwork. Instead of being steered by exposed planes and rudders, his airship is steered



The Knabenshue airship, of Toledo, Ohio, which holds two passengers besides the operator

by concealed steel wings, thrust out from either side of the ship at its stern.

Roy Knabenshue plans a continuous flight in his just completed airship from Toledo to Cleveland—112 miles. He has room for two passengers. He uses a 112-foot, cigar-shaped gas bag, to which is suspended the hull, a spruce and steel frame, containing a fifteen-horsepower gasoline motor. The ship is propelled by a ten-foot wind propeller at the nose of the ship. The wind is thus beaten back against two wings. Delagrange, with his aeroplane, has flown 8 miles and 1,700 yards in 15 minutes and 25 seconds. Farman, in his Voisin machine, driven by an Antoinette motor, holds the record for height, having maintained a height of 22 feet, as gaged by a line of small anchored balloons at a height of ten meters. The

international aspect of flying is emphasized by Delagrange, a Frenchman, making his successful experiments in Italy.



Poster used to advertise Farman's flight at Ghent, in Belgium, May 25



A Chinese Dirigible Airship

A ship to be lifted by three great deck fan-propellers. The cigar-shaped balloon is to serve as a safety buoy. Aluminum is the material for construction. The ship is to be steered by concealed steel wings. Its name is "China"



Tse Tsan Tai, the inventor of the airship "China," governed by three fan-propellers

The Simultaneous International Conquest of the Air



Nearing the Finish of the Varsity Race at Poughkeepsie, June 27

Syracuse winning after three miles of anybody's race. The crews (from left to right) are Syracuse, Columbia, Pennsylvania, Cornell, Wisconsin



Taft in the Yale Procession

The Secretary of War walking with classmates of "1878" at Commencement



J. Pierpont Morgan in Doctor's Gown

At the Yale Commencement on June 24 Mr. Morgan received the degree of Doctor of Laws

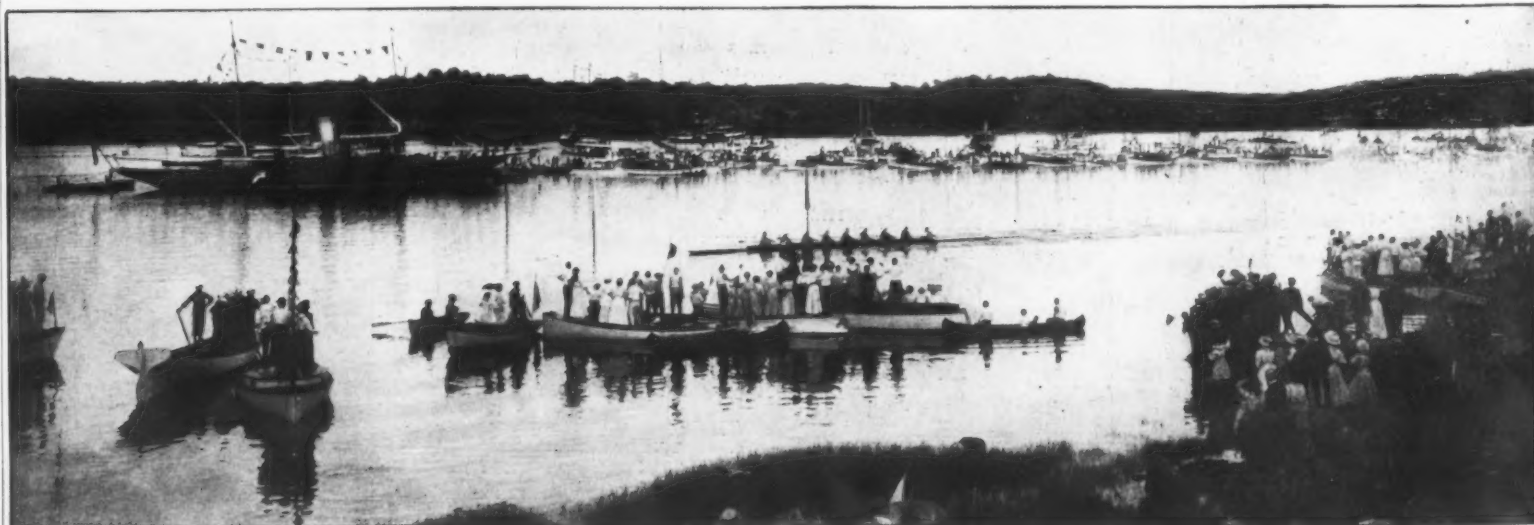
Battles of the 1908 Crews

HARVARD rowed Yale to a finish during the first two miles of the race at New London on June 25, and won the race over three and one-half minutes in the lead in the slow time of 24 minutes and 10 seconds. D. T. Griswold, the Yale stroke, collapsed after two miles of the four-mile course, and was lifted from the boat to the Yale launch. The seven men finished the race half a mile astern of the victorious Harvard eight. Harvard forced the pace from the referee's pistol until the Yale stroke collapsed, then paddled across the line. Harvard won the freshman eight-oared race, and Yale the four-oared.

The varsity race was in every way more than ordinarily dramatic. A false start had been made, with a recall to the crews. This false start, the inexperience of the Yale stroke in the four-mile course, the hard, high stroke that Harvard maintained, and the lack of physical stamina in a couple of others in the Yale crew were the causes of the defeat.

Syracuse won the Poughkeepsie regatta on June 27, after a brilliant racing battle, leading Columbia by 18 feet, with Cornell a close third, followed by Pennsylvania and Wisconsin. For the first three miles, the shells were bunched, and it was anybody's race: 19 minutes 34 1-5 seconds was the Syracuse time. Excellent judgment was shown throughout the entire course of the race by Ten Eyck, the Syracuse stroke-oar.

Over the first three-quarters of the course the crews fought for the lead. At times the stroke was raised as high as 42 to the minute, though Syracuse never followed the example of the crews that hit up such a terrific stroke. As the Wisconsin crew was passing under the Poughkeepsie bridge, Iakisch, Number 2, missed a catch of his oar, the oar-handle came back and struck him in the stomach, and he collapsed. After losing twenty strokes or more, Iakisch attempted to resume his work. But the blow had been too severe, and for the last mile of the race Wisconsin rowed with but seven oars. Syracuse also won the four-oared race of two miles, time 10:52 4-5.



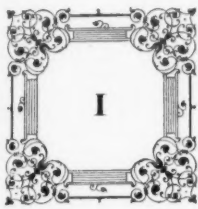
The Harvard Crew of 1908 Finishing

Yale was half a mile behind when Harvard finished the eight-oared Varsity race at New London on June 25. The stroke-oar had given out and had been lifted from the shell

SAN FRANCISCO, July 5, 1908.

To Editor COLLIER WEEKLY who is considerable careless about answer to letters of poor Japanese Schoolboy, excuse him for more of,

DEAR SIR:—



N THEM "Letters to the Whole Family," which Hon. Rudyard Kipling wrote, he begin each one with nice piece of poem. Therefore I must do it like him. Excuse following:

THE SONG OF OUCH

In Tunk by the Tower of Tom
In the Land of the Living Joke
Lived a race of Sadds who were modest
lads
And blushed when their names was
spoke.

They shrieked at the thought of Fame
And shaked like the infant pine,
While they turned all white when they
seen the sight
Of an Advertising Sign.

So they lived in the fear of Boast
In the Age that Has Went Behind;
But if any of They still remain to-day
They is certainly Hard to find!

Hon. Mrs. Lusy Macdonald to whom I am now a greenhouse employed by her geraniums @ 10c each to relieve them of what bugs they got is very nice-hearted. Her husband is a dead gentleman who took decease by asthma in joints. So she approached to me yesterday with customary tear-drop & 1 pair pants to say.

"These property of past Macdonald I am give to you because they wake bitter memories & are wore out around knees." Slight sobs from her.

I observe them hon. pants which is very tall garments of dissipated appearance.

"O thank you so many, Hon. Mrs. Madam!" I report with salvo. "I shall took them home & rehearse wearing them." I back off for respect and get away with them hon. pants.

At Patriots of Japan Boarding & Lodging, where I hope to move from before payment is necessary, I lock myself away with them garment and try to make it fit. So sorry can't do! When I clasp it with dignified safety-pin at waist each leg is too far beyond my foot—it give me reverent appearance of kneeling. I try to deceive them pants to look briefer by rolling them upwards. Also I coax them at stummick by fastening belt around shoulders. By this way I am entirely inside of that tailorship which is too plenty.

Then suddenly Cousin Nogi make income to my room, because he is a relative and can do so without knocking. He look quite gast at me.

"You are clothed entirely," he signify with smart expression.

"Would they fit me perhaps?" I ask for vanity.

"Maybe so they might," dictate Nogi, "but they are too loose around neck."

"What to do with such gifts from lady?" I inquire for reply.

"To wear it next to heart," contuse Nogi with smiling. "If you wear it on publick streetfare crowd will collect to indicate that you are one very famous Japanese. Persons will proclaim: 'There go them Hon. Pants!' Maybe you will be escort by police wherever went. It is so easy to become famous."

"No can do, please!" I prefer.

"No to?" stagger Nogi for disappoint.

"At, no!" I relapse. "I should not desire to become famous for pants. Hon. Modesty is a Japanese characteristic."

"Hon. Modesty is a disease," corrode that Nogi with scornful snip; so he tell following myth of antique Japan which is a very favorite stories of Grandmothers to illustrate the Hon. Modesty.

IN SOME way-back period of B. C. there reside at Kioto one Emperor by name of Motomatsu who was awful modest about it. When spoke of as Famous he became a very ill person. He was shy about publick banzai. When he depart out from Hon. Palace for auto-ride all loyal subjects was lined up by pave to

Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy

XXIX—Hon. Modesty: Is it a Disease?

By HASHIMURA TOGO



"But they are too loose around neck"

deery: "Banzai! Banzai! Such nice Emperor Motomatsu!" They then kneel upon their faces to signify it. But Hon. Motomatsu enjoy angry rage for such publick demonstrations and deery: "So conspicious!" while he kick loyal subjects on skull. Because he was shy.

Pretty soon he make sneak out of Palace by back door to avoid them joyful mob of shoutings. But one Grocery Boy seen him and observe to inquire: "Why do Kings go out by back door when should not?" "Hush it!" say Motomatsu. "I am doing it so as not to be too famous." So when he make pass-on them Grocery Boy go to all populus of Japan and deery: "Hon. Emperor is departing by back door!" Then 1,000,000 of them loyal subjects assemblance to trademan entrance of Palace & peek to see—and sure of! Hon. Emperor again is saw making seek-in to Palace. "Permit us to hail!" say peasantry, but Hon. Emperor relapse with peev: "Go hail somewhere else!" And he throw brick-bat to them.

So them Hon. Emperor get worse modest all time. Pretty soon he borrow rag-clothing from beggerly man and wander forth in them disguise. But Hon. Populus, when they seen him, deery: "O look-see what has arrive! Our dear Emperor are ragged out to be a beggerly man! Is he not conspicious in such a clothing? Ah, yes!" And they surround him with a program of dances, including exhibitions of jiu jitsu, resolutions of respect, geisha waltz, speak, fireworks & baloon-

ances. Pretty soon Carnegie Commission approach with brass medal of reward. "For what?" say Hon. Emperor. "For extreme shyness in action," say Hon. Commission. By this Hon. Motomatsu is very disgust, so he cut off them Commission at neck, then he chop 1,000 loyal subjects with ax and go back Palace.

But when them loyal subjects pick up their heads what was chopped they say: "Sure is! Mr. Emperor must be modest about publick appearance. Quite well! Then we will cease hailing him, if he is so disagree."

Next day when Hon. Emperor go off for walk, what! Such vacancy of street! He is queer to feel. He go back Palace with lonesome smile. "Maybe I am dress too silently to be seen," he say. So he put on uniform of Field Marshall & walk outside again. Nothing to do. Even little sparrow-birds is absent with banzais. "O mania! Have I quit being famous?" subtract that Motomatsu, losing some flesh for griefs. So by soon-time he make debut to street in drum-major uniform recruited by very large brass band. But Hon. Publick is home reminding their own business. This are too much worry for Hon. Emperor who go bed & is attended by appendicitis. Pretty soon he enjoy death and got a tomb near Kioto. In front of it are following inscription:

"Motomatsu have got his bones here.
He were a Good Advertiser;
But he Worked it too Hard."

Mr. Editor, Hon. Modesty were a disease very common among Great Mens in antique Japan. In these here day modern insanitary methods of brushing off microbes have got rid of such shy germs pretty good. Yet Great Mens is still in some tiny danger of being bit by it. At White Palace of Washington Dr. Rickey must be in constant attendance with microscope to watch for it. Each President Message must be very careful fumigated—and on some days this are pretty much of a job, thank you.

By each morning-time Hon. President must have corner of eye-glasses, mustache & tooth examined for fearful that some Wyoming constituent might maybe brought in bashful germs that will get into Hon. Policies & spoil everything.

This Surgeon-Gen. Rickey must be a very worried person. Suppose he go cod-fishing some Sunday off & become careless about them hon. microbes? Ah, fatal! Next morning he go to White Cabinet & discover Hon. President enjoying high temperature of terrible blushes.

"Sec. Loeb," he are saying, "please turn to Nineteenth Interstate Proclamation, page 1102 B, and attack it with blue pencil."

"Quite good, Mr. Sire," say them Hon. Loeb. "What to do with them words?"

"Scratch out all pronouns spelled with an 'I' and supply 'American People' for it," say Hon. President.

"Will do," say Hon. Sec. with nervous glance.

"Next substitute considerable changes. Change 'My Policies' to 'Mr. Bryan's Policies,' change 'My Navy' to 'Admiral Brownson's Navy,' change—"

Dr. Rickey stand at corner of room with horrors springing at knees. "It are my careless fault—some scarce disease have got in through window!" he whisper to guilty self.

"Next turn attention to library of books," say that Presidential Invalid. "Change 'My Works' to 'Works of Divine Providence.' Every time 'Grizzly Bear' are mention change it to 'Gray Squirrel,' change 'Must Not' to 'Please Don't,' change—"

"Stop it, Mr. Sire!" say them Physician with alarms; "if you continue it thus you will have 'Malefactors' changed to 'Benefactors!'"

So White House Hospital Corps are ringed for and Hon. President took by forceful quarantine to Federal Hospital where one porous plaster are put on his Ego to draw it out. While enjoying relapse there he occupy cot formerly layed in by Hons. Albert Beverage, Ben Tillman & other Egos enjoying the same shy germ.

WHAT would become of Hon. Literature, Mr. Editor, if them Literaries was nibbled by Hon. Modesty? What would become of Publishing Business if Hon. Mrs. Eleanor McGlynty, after wrotting one book of title, "Three Months," should spend that period of time blushing over what happen in it? What would happen to Hon. Jack of London or Hon. Thomas of Boston if they forgot to tell Hon. World how remarkably much they are? Would Hon. World remember them praises if they didn't? I ask to know.

What would ensue if Hon. Bernard Shaw should took the habit of shrinking? Might he know how to stop before, he had entirely shrunk away until he was very little more than size of Homer, Shakespeare & any other insignificant super-gentleman? I require no answer.

Mr. Editor, if I had died in old-fashion generation of water-power reputation I would have got on my tombstone:

Here Lies Togo.
He was a good man.

But as I live in age of gas-power greatness, I must have on my door-plate:

Here lives Togo.
He is a great man.
If you don't believe it,
Step in and he will
Tell you so.

With love to your printer,
Yours truly,
HASHIMURA TOGO.

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What the World is Doing

A Record of Current Events

Edited by
SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

Last Honors to Cleveland

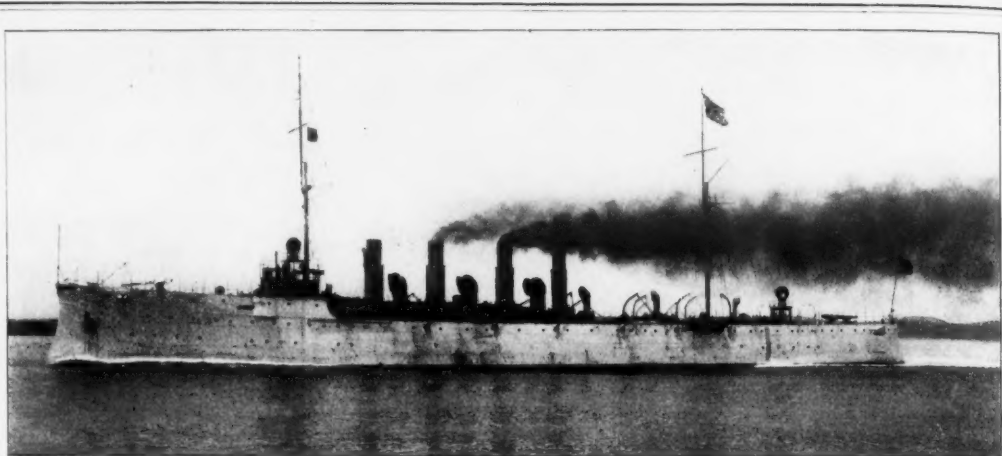
THE body of Grover Cleveland was committed to the earth at Princeton on June 26 with an austere simplicity almost arid in its absence of ceremonial pomp. The nation would have been glad to shower honors upon its mighty dead, but by Mrs. Cleveland's desire the funeral was strictly private. There was no sermon, no eulogy, nor even any music. Prayers and the recitation of a poem formed the only ceremonies. But it was impossible for a Grover Cleveland to be buried as quietly as a man who had made no mark on history. The President of the United States was there, and for the first time a half-masted flag flew over the White House in his absence. Several members of the Cleveland and some of the Roosevelt Cabinets were present. Chief Justice Fuller, Governor Hughes of New York, Governor Fort of New Jersey, and Governor Smith of Georgia were there, the last as a Cabinet officer under Cleveland. Honors came spontaneously from abroad, and President Penna of Brazil not only sent flowers to Princeton but adopted the unusual course of directing the Brazilian flag to be displayed at half-mast throughout the Republic, ordering all the ships of the navy to fire salutes at the hour of the funeral, and causing the picture of Mr. Cleveland in the Brazilian State Department to be draped in mourning.

Puncturing the Sky

THE poor old Tower of Babel is dropping lower and lower into the ruck of the "has beens." New York, which overtopped all the real buildings of the world with the Singer tower and immediately beat that with the Metropolitan, is now to stab the clouds still further with a new office eyrie for the Equitable Life. Of course the Eiffel Tower, which is not a building but an overgrown derrick, does not count, but the Equitable flagstaff will overtop even the Eiffel Tower. The main body of the new sky-piercer, not sky-scraper, is to be 489 feet high—twenty-eight feet higher than the Great Pyramid. On top of this will be piled a tower 420 feet higher, making 909 feet in all, and the flagstaff will rise 150 feet above that to a total height of 1,059 feet. The Eiffel Tower is 984 feet high. From the Equitable observatory one may look over twenty thousand square miles of land and water, including parts of four States.

The Great Boat Races

THE two great intercollegiate events of the year on the water have both proved of sensational interest this season. The Yale-Harvard race at New London on June 25 was introduced by a spicy exchange of compliments between Presidents Eliot of Harvard and Roosevelt of the United States. Two Harvard oarsmen, one belonging to the University eight and the other to the four-oared crew, had been suspended for violating rules in relation to the removal of "reserved books" from the library. This suspension took them out of the races, and President Roosevelt, abetted by Assistant Secretary of State Bacon, protested against the unfairness and injustice of making all the graduates suffer "for an offense of this kind, for which some other punishment might surely be found." Thereupon President Eliot, stoically subduing his affection for his fellow potentate in the White House, coldly responded: "A keen and sure sense of honor being the finest result of college life, I think the college and graduates should condemn effectually dishonorable conduct. The college should also teach that one must never do scurvy things in the supposed interest of, or for the pleasure of, others." At this point President Roosevelt allowed the correspondence to expire. As it turned out, the Executive anxiety was uncalled for. Although Yale won the four-oared race, Harvard was not prevented by Dr. Eliot's discipline from winning a sensational victory in the great eight-oared event. Yale was rowed to a state of collapse in the first three miles; her stroke gave out, "weeping bitter tears," and had to be lifted into a launch, and the crippled seven remaining rowed pluckily but hopelessly over the rest of the course, crossing the finish line three and a half minutes behind Harvard's triumphant and still vigorous champions. Harvard covered the course in twenty-four minutes and ten seconds. The intercollegiate race at Poughkeepsie two days later, contested by Syracuse, Columbia, Cornell, Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin, was as close and exciting as the Yale-Harvard duel was one-sided. Wisconsin was put out of the running by mishaps to two of her men, and Pennsylvania, which had made the pace in the beginning, could not keep it up. The other three crews



The scout cruiser "Salem" beating the record. At the rate of 26.885 knots an hour, the U. S. S. "Salem" covered the measured mile off Owls Head, Maine, on June 23. Her average speed for five miles was 25.91

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Oil tanks afire. Lightning hit an oil tank of a refining company in Warren, Pennsylvania, and the flames spread to seven other tanks. The loss was about \$100,000, as much of the oil was lubricating oil



Laying the corner-stone of the new State Capitol building at Pierre, South Dakota, on June 25

The LA-FLAT

The end in pouch

The LA-FLAT Belt more than supports the trousers. It imparts that snug, close-fitting effect the smart dressers are striving to obtain.

The LA-FLAT Belt has no clumsy straps nor a loose end to curl. It lies flat around the entire waist. The pouch does it. Note the neat LA-FLAT Belt (at top) and the untidy, careless appearance of the old style belt (at bottom).

La-Flat BELTS

IN THE POUCH AND OUT OF SIGHT

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Made in a dozen different leathers with a wide choice of exclusive buckle-styles, in oxidized, solid bronze, gun metal and rubber. Two qualities, prices 75 cents and \$1.00.

If your dealer doesn't sell LA-FLAT Belts, send us your waist measure, color of leather, and finish of buckles and retail price, and we'll prepay the belt to you. Booklet showing LA-FLAT styles free upon request.

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fought a battle so persistent that the first two boats were lapped as they crossed the finish line, and the third was not more than a length to the bad. Syracuse won in the remarkable time of 19 minutes 34 1-5 seconds, which came within forty-one seconds of the record. Columbia, rowing perfectly, was only eighteen feet behind, and Cornell, champion in six of the last nine Poughkeepsie regattas, came in without a glimpse of open water between.

The Liquor War

Wholesalers at Niagara; local option in Tennessee

LIKE the Brewers' Convention at Milwaukee, the convention of the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association in session at Niagara Falls in the last week in June was chiefly concerned with the spread of the anti-saloon crusade. The platform unanimously adopted denounced prohibition and local option as working confiscation of property, which was declared to be "contrary to the spirit of American institutions," and a thing that "should not be tolerated by a free people." It admitted that evils had crept into the liquor business, just as they had into the railroad, insurance, and banking industries, but it denied that the evils could be cured only by destroying the industry. It pledged the organization to "make every effort to assist the officers of the law, to the end that the saloon business may be placed upon the same plane as all other commercial interests." It recommended the licensed saloon, conducted under proper laws and reasonable regulations strictly enforced, as the best promoter of true temperance, and added that the character of the applicant and not the size of the fee should be the principal factor in deciding whether to grant a license.

The liquor interests have found some comfort in the results of the Democratic primaries in Tennessee on June 27. The contest here was to settle the question whether Tennessee should join the roll of prohibition States or should leave a few wet oases in the midst of a desert of counties made dry by local option. Governor Patterson, representing local option, won a renomination by about 9,000 majority over E. W. Carmack, who stood for prohibition. The Louisiana Legislature has passed a stringent high license bill, fixing the minimum license at \$500 for the State and \$200 for the parish. From this point the fees run up in some cases to several thousand dollars.

The Railroad Colossus

America's tracks would reach the moon

THE new edition of Poor's Manual, just published, fixes the records of the American railroad system at last year's high-water mark. The figures are staggering. There were 228,128 miles of road in the United States on June 30, 1907, which was more than the mileage of all Europe, over six times that of any single European country, and three times that of the entire British Empire. The American rail highways would have girdled the globe nearly ten times, or stretched from the earth to the moon. The new lines built in the single fiscal year 1907, amounting to 5,362 miles, exceeded the total existing mileage of Japan. The capitalization of the lines had mounted to the dizzy aggregate of \$18,558,881,437—about twenty times the bonded national debt. If Adam had lived until the present time, and had begun saving money from the moment of creation, he would have had to save about three hundred and fifty dollars an hour ever since to be in a position now to buy out the American railroad system. Evidently the office of Secretary of the Treasury would be no sinecure if the Government undertook to acquire the railroads.

The total income of the roads, both gross and net, in 1907 exceeded anything ever known before. The gross earnings were \$2,602,757,503, or about three times the income of the Government, and twenty-six times the nominal and four and a half times the actual capital of the Standard Oil Company. That is to say, the earnings of the railroads would buy out the entire capital stock of Standard Oil in less than three months. The net income of the roads was \$961,354,681—just about enough to run the Government of the United States for a year.

The figures help us to understand why the railroad managers last year so bitterly resented attempts to subject them to the regulation of the State and National Governments. They were doing so well as they were that they naturally

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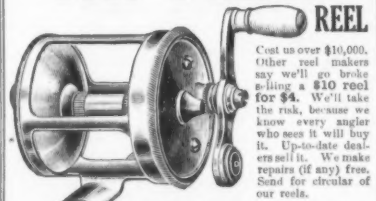
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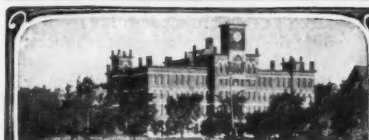
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objected to any interference. The net earnings per mile were \$3,700 in the year ending June 30, 1907, against \$3,580 in 1906, and \$3,129 in 1905, both boom years, \$2,668 in 1901, another boom year, and \$2,272 in the very prosperous year 1899. Net earnings per mile increased steadily every year, without a single break, from 1895 to 1907 inclusive. The figures for 1907 had never been matched before, and it may be a long time before they are matched again.

Socialism in High Places

Pan-Anglicans infected with advanced economic ideas

THE great Pan-Anglican Congress in London, the most complete representation ever brought together of the religious bodies in communion with the Church of England throughout the world, has been notable for the measure it affords of the growth of Socialistic sentiment among the privileged classes. The Church of England is preeminently the church of the aristocracy, and of those who value "good form." Its allied churches in America and the British Colonies hold a similar position. Yet a gathering containing all that was most distinguished in its ranks, including two hundred and fifty bishops and archbishops and thousands of the leaders among clergy and laity, listened with warmly expressed sympathy to addresses full of the spirit of Socialism. The Bishop of Massachusetts read a paper by the Bishop of Birmingham, who would have presided but for illness, in which he predicted that unless the churches united in a tremendous act of penitence and reparation for having failed so long and so greatly to champion the oppressed and the weak, the well-merited judgment of God would take all weapons of social influence out of their hands. Almost all the speakers, then and on other days, especially among the younger clergy, displayed a warm sympathy with Socialistic ideas. Canon Williams of New Zealand said that he had come home to find his "friends among the laity turned Protectionists and his friends among the clergy turned Socialists."

The Pan-Anglican Congress, which closed on June 23, had eight thousand participants, representing all the 251 sees affiliated with the Church of England and its sister Episcopal churches in every quarter of the globe. Two hundred and fifty bishops marched in procession at the thanksgiving service in St. Paul's after it dispersed. The gathering was conspicuous for fraternal feeling, but propositions to form an organized union among the various churches represented met with little favor.

Cannon Politics in Persia

The Shah resorts to old-fashioned methods of government

CONSTITUTIONAL government in Persia is traveling a rocky road. Since the time two years ago when some thousands of priests and citizens took refuge in the British Legation and refused to leave until the late Shah granted a Parliament, the progressive elements have had things rather their own way. They have taken an extremely high tone in dealing with the Government, and as a rule the Government has yielded to their demands. But now the Shah has achieved a coup d'état of a truly Oriental sort. He had ordered the Parliament to surrender five reforming agitators, and the Parliament refused. The doors were guarded by Cossacks, of whom the Shah has a small force under Russian officers, and when somebody threw a bomb among the soldiers they opened fire in return. A lively skirmish ensued, and then artillery was brought up and began to bombard the Parliament building. Finally the Cossacks stormed the place and the surviving occupants fled. Teheran was put under martial law, and the troops began systematically to bombard one house after another, with the idea of shelling out reformers from grandees' homes in which they were supposed to have taken refuge. Incidentally they looted shops and other buildings. The Shah was said to have made a list of proscribed houses, and to have issued orders that one should be bombarded each day. After the bombardments the houses were so thoroughly pillaged that even the timbers and the locks and hinges of the doors were carried away. Thousands of people were killed in these proceedings. The Shah issued a proclamation ordering new Parliamentary elections and announcing that he intended to maintain the Constitution and the principle of popular representation, but to crush political agitation. He then declared an amnesty, which was to include even those miscreants "accused of being guilty."

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The Rise of "Fingy" Conners

(Continued from page 11)

Conners made representations and promises to the parish priests who supported the strikers. He did not fulfill them; it became plain that he was only playing for time. The Protestant clergymen backed with enthusiasm the Catholics; it seemed that all the moral force of Buffalo was fighting with the strikers. And at last, when it became certain that Fingy Conners had no intention of reforming his system, Father Cronin sprang his grand coup. The union leaders called a meeting of the strikers and their fellow dock workmen in St. Bridget's Hall. The meeting was as turbulent as one might expect. They are big, rude, fighting men, these dock laborers; it is hard to get a hundred of them together without some kind of a fight; and Father Cronin had nearly a thousand. Father Cronin spoke first, telling them plainly what the Church must think of that system. "The diamonds he wears," he said, "are crystallized tears of your women."

When he had finished, a commotion of cheering started at the back of the hall, and another man in clericals pushed his way to the platform. The strikers rose in a body when they saw who it was—Bishop Quigley, then head of the diocese, now Archbishop of Chicago. The men remained standing as he faced them and, in a clear, dispassionate address, set the situation before them. He finished by advising them—and such advice from him was equivalent to a demand—never to work for Conners again until he had utterly given over the grain business.

That episode, unique, I think, in the history of American labor troubles, beat Fingy Conners. Every one in Buffalo knew that, and the grain-carrying companies best of all. They had supported him in a half-hearted fashion. Now they withdrew their support and took the business out of his hands. A committee of citizens, headed by the Bishop, met with the carrying companies and arranged a new system—a return to the conditions which prevailed before the advent of Conners, but minus the boss scooper and his saloon.

Free with the Revolvers

THE bulldog Conners did not acknowledge defeat at once. No more did his henchmen. For weeks they ranged the docks, making trouble. A month after the strike a gang of them exchanged insults and bricks with some union ore-handlers, who were unloading the steamer *Mather*. The Conners thugs, beaten off with chunks of ore, went to a scooper saloon, gathered their comrades, and returned to the vessel. The union gang was working far down in the hold of the *Mather*. The Conners men made a rush; Dave Nugent, Conners's nephew-in-law, put a pistol at the head of the captain and threatened to blow out his brains if he gave an alarm; the heelers drew their revolvers and fired at will into the hold. It was dark down there; that and a miracle saved the lives of the ore-handlers. But three were wounded—one crippled for life. For this little prank several Conners followers suffered the fearful penalty of a \$250 fine.

Conners, nursing the sullen resentment of an animal which has been beaten in a fight, visited the First Ward to put a period to the strike. He had his gang at his back. Down the street came a Pole, a union leader among his countrymen. Conners called to him; the Pole, thinking that this was the invitation for a parley, approached. Conners was carrying a heavy, crooked cane. He hooked the crook about the Pole's neck, jerked him over close, and split his scalp with two blows of the staff.

These ruthless, primitive fighters lose hard; it was a year before Conners acknowledged himself beaten; and the next stage of his fight showed his audacity—it took a Conners to conceive it. He went to Montreal, at the head of the canal system, and tried to arrange with the city authorities to build grain elevators there, so diverting the oceanic grain traffic from Buffalo—his own city, his own country. Through a year of bickering and plots, he fought for this project, and lost in the end. Those who know the inside of this deal say that he lost more through a series of accidents than through the honesty of the Canadian officials. But lose he did; and Mahany had made good his boast.

So much for the business career of Conners. Of course, this is only the main thread. He had whirled at many things—ice manufacture, brewing, street railways, stocks—but his freight business is

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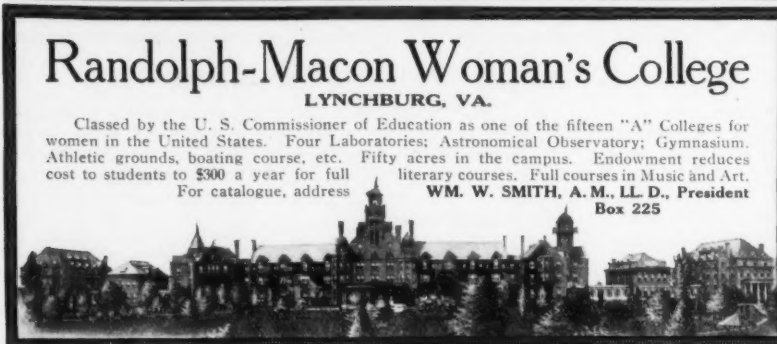
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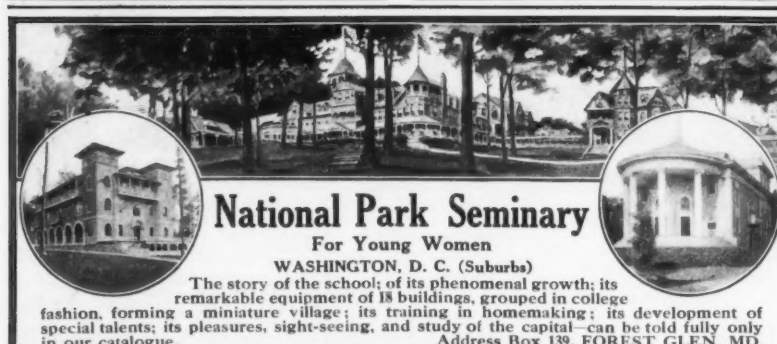
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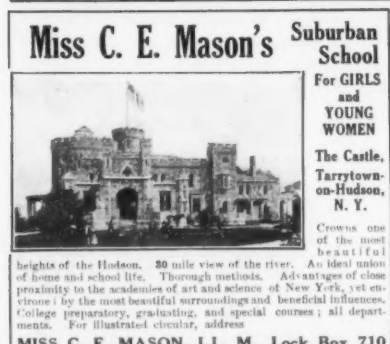
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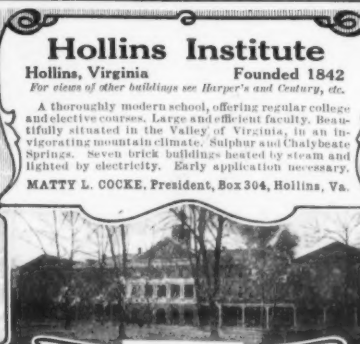
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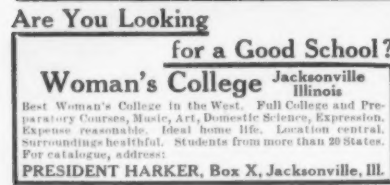
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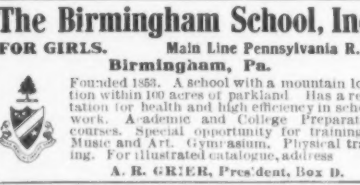
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the backbone of his fortunes; and his tactics in advancing that business are typical of all his methods.

Early in his active life Fingy Conners crossed lines with another man who had business with the lake carrying trade, and whose career in politics was a replica in silk of what Conners's career had been in fustian. One likes to think, for the picturesqueness of the idea, that Fingy Conners received the first impulse of his political ambition from Mark Hanna. Certainly Hanna has been the model of his later career, the man whom he quotes openly and whom he must admire secretly; and certainly, at about the time when he met Hanna, one finds in him the dawn of a political ambition too large for the confines of the First Ward. He had been always in politics of a sort; ward politics had been inextricably mixed with his business ventures. For value received, he used to send his henchmen from his saloons to fight the battles of the Republican machine—he has been twice a Republican and twice a Democrat. In 1882 he ran for Alderman on the Republican ticket, was quite handsily beaten, and settled back to be a boss instead of a candidate. In the early nineties he switched his allegiance and lent his forces to the Democrats. Their first job was to punch Jack White, the perpetual Republican candidate in the ward, out of politics.

Losing His Ward

WHEN his larger ambition dawned, he took less and less interest in his own ward. He hung about the uptown haunts of the politicians; he became a figure in the bar-room of the Froquois Hotel, where his talents as a mixer and his naive toughness got him friends and attention of a sort. The ward was slipping away from him; after the episode of the grain strike he lost it entirely. Now, when he ventures down there to look after his dock business, they throw bricks at him and turn wash-water over his automobile.

Alderman John P. Sullivan, recognized Democratic boss of the ward, rules largely through his sworn hatred for Conners. Perhaps Conners permits this situation to be, simply because he will not expend the energy needed to change it. "Put Sullivan and Conners in a closed room," says an observer of life in Buffalo, "and Sullivan would jockey rings around him. But when he had done it, Conners would rise up and throw him out of the window."

And Conners saw, likely enough, that the saloon-keeper, king in small-ward politics, is less than a serf in national affairs. He pulled gradually out of the saloon business. The old establishment changed its sign from "William J. Conners" to "Nugent's Hotel," and then to "Hurley's Hotel." Learning slowly, but always learning, he took on certain appearances of respectability. The ward saw him travel from cowhide boots to brogans, from brogans to kid shoes, from kid shoes to spats. He tried, with some success, to shake off that tough accent into which he lapses, nowadays, only when he is joking or when he is stirred. From the first time that the newspapers noticed and denounced him, he conceived a strong idea of the press as a power. So, in the middle nineties, he looked about for a newspaper. "It's to leave to me lads," he said to one friend. "Everybody roasts me; now I want to heat a pan," he said to another. In 1895 he bought the Buffalo "Enquirer," an evening paper. Two years later he added the "Morning Courier."

The Floating Boss

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WARRENTON, VIRGINIA

Murphy. By processes which run with the complexities of New York politics, he came to be State chairman; came at last to that night when he sat in his hotel room, having disrupted the Democratic Party in his own State, and smiled stoically on the enraged McCarren men shaking their fists under his nose, and asked them what they were going to do about it, anyhow.

The social rise of Fingy Conners will live in Buffalo tradition. When he moved out of the ward he bought the Goodyear house in the suburbs, and improved it after his own fashion. The center of composition in his landscape garden was the word "Conners" spelled out in white rocks on the lawn. A general of Buffalo society, passing in her carriage, inspected it through her lorgnettes. "Is this a railway station?" she asked. He moved, later, into Delaware Avenue, the Fifth Avenue of Buffalo. It was a social sensation, this remove of Conners. At about that period a street-car company made a raid on Delaware Avenue. Just at midnight the racket of two hundred picks, forty sledge-hammers, and a traction engine burst upon the sleep of wealth and respectability. The mistress of one house woke her husband: "What do you suppose it can be?" The husband turned over: "Either one of Jack's poker parties breaking up or Fingy Conners moving in." Two months later some one saw Fingy Conners at Johnny Wood's saloon, taking a morning drink and confiding in the bartender. "Gee, Pete, dose Delaware Avenue folks is clannish!" he said. Once he presented his newspaper pass to the conductor of an Erie train. This person did not look to the conductor like "William J. Conners, proprietor Buffalo 'Courier,'" and he said so. Conners, heated, roared at him. At the next station the conductor wired to the proper authorities: "Man representing himself as William J. Conners presents Conners's pass. Think he is a fake. Looks like a prize-fighter and talks like a tough." Back came the answer: "That's him." The following is the classic story of Conners: He "made" the Buffalo Club. At the next evening entertainment he appeared in a proper dress-suit and shirt, festooned down the front with a set of large diamond studs and a diamond watch-fob. His friends in the club, trying tact, lured him into a haberdasher's, where one bought a simple set of pearl studs, remarking that no gentleman wore jewels in his shirt bosom. "Glims?" said Fingy, catching the point instantly. "I notice that them as has 'em wears 'em." One day, talking over things in general, he fell to boasting, and dropped two bits of Conners wisdom. Speaking of his relations with the Democracy of New York City, he said: "I fixes it up for 'em so it looks like the little white mice wot runs out of your sleeve an' w'en they grabs for 'em, runs in again, an' I gits 'em w'en they grabs." Also: "So help me Gawd, there ain't nuttin' can come between me an' Charlie Murphy. They don't make nuttin' as thin as that."

His Face of Power

THESE may all be mere tradition and embroidery, like the stories about Lincoln; but each one serves to show some aspect of the man. He is now fifty-one years old. No man whom I have ever met looks more what he is. His full head of bristling, wiry hair, black in his youth, is quite gray. The face underneath is solid and hard and tough beyond description—broad, overloaded with muscle rather than fat or puffy, reddish brown from the descending circulation of that full blood which fed his mighty young thighs. His short, hooked nose, fine at the point, broad at the wings, sticks out from the plane of his face at a most aggressive angle. His chin is round, solid, and deeply dented. His heavy eyebrows are set high up above the eyes; and in the intervening space occurs a pad of fat which rolls over the eyeball, covering completely the upper lid. But for this pad, his Irish, violet-blue eyes would seem large; as it is, they appear small and shrewd. His mouth, in repose, is wide, thin-lipped, tight shut, and turned down at the corners—a snapping-turtle mouth. When he is roused, when he opens it to roar, it gapes as round and menacing as the muzzle of a cannon, to show the short, scrubby teeth of the fighting man. He dresses rather well in these days; he has passed from the era of diamonds to the era of London fabrics. When he tries to "throw a front," his accent is passable, although his grammar stumbles, and he betrays himself by ignorant handling of long words. In his correct and proper moments, for example, he is likely to say "carefulness" when he means "care." But get him excited—especially, rouse the fight in him—and the old, tough dock-scraper comes bobbing to the surface. I had talked

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Other Military Schools on page 26

Co-educational Schools on page 26 at bottom first two columns

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with him an hour about his business, and he had done passably well. Suddenly I suggested that my published opinion of Connors might not agree with his own. His mouth flew open, his short neck craned forward, and this came out:

"Say anytin' about Connors it means somet'in' or you wouldn't say it! See!"

He has risen from a cabin boy, son of a small saloon-keeper, to his million dollars and his dominance in State politics. Where lies his secret? It could not have been luck; the rise has been too steady. It could hardly have been exceptional shrewdness. In some of his business deals, notably the ice combination with Charlie Murphy, lately exposed by Jerome, and the Hamburg Boulevard deal, he has figured as a high-class, unscrupulous "come-on." Basically, I think, it is that heroic faculty, that king-quality, so indefinable and so powerful over men. Beyond that, it is his ruthless fighting force. There are no rules in his fighting, any more than there used to be in his slugging days on the Buffalo docks, unless it be the bull-rule—rush and gore and never go back.

Bryan as a Speech-maker

(Concluded from page 13)

are honest in their belief that he is not more than mediocre. Making as many speeches as he has, he could not be at his best on every occasion, and those who have heard him when exhausted or, because of the number of speeches he had made during the day, somewhat mechanical in his delivery, could not judge his ability as an orator. I have seen five thousand people at Fredericksburg, Virginia, the home of Mary, the mother of Washington, cry like children while listening to his eloquent eulogy of the word "mother," and three minutes later, while the tears were not yet dry on their cheeks, laugh heartily when Mr. Bryan had replied to a man who shouted: "Bryan, I am not a Christian, but I am praying for you," and was answered: "My friends, there is a most potent reason for your desiring my election: for if we can make this man believe in the efficacy of prayer, we can probably make a Christian of him." In Boston, at the banquet of the New England Bimetallist League, when the immense crowds gave Mr. Bryan hopes for his election, I have heard him conclude a speech with a prayer that, in case he was elected, God would so direct his efforts as to make him of the greatest benefit to his fellow men, which caused every one in the room to pay tribute to his magnetic earnestness with a hearty "Amen," instead of the usual applause. I have seen him, in Waukesha, Wisconsin, at the conclusion of a hard day's work, and after three speeches in that city during the evening, conclude with a twenty minutes' talk in a crowded hall, taking his texts from the Bible, and become so eloquent that the local shorthand reporters, as well as myself, forgot our business and listened instead of reporting what was said. Had these people heard him on such occasions, there would be no doubt with them of his ability as an orator, and all would proclaim him as, perhaps, the greatest in the country.

I regret that it was not my privilege to be with Mr. Bryan election night of 1900. I left him the day before in order to be in Chicago on election day. But on election night of 1896 I was one of the crowd which gathered in his library about the telegraph instrument whose passionless wires told us of his defeat. There we stayed until midnight, happy when gains were shown and sorrowful when losses were chronicled. Men of different political beliefs, but anxious for Mr. Bryan's election because of their love for him, wept when at last convinced that it was useless to hope. Strong men were these, accustomed to meet and to tear into shreds public men by their writings. And while we sat by the side of the operator, hoping against hope and commiserating with one another, the one most affected by the outcome, the one who was to be told by those messages whether or not he was to occupy the most exalted position in the world—Mr. Bryan—was in his bed, sleeping as a child.

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Other Girls' Schools on page 24

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Other Military Schools on page 25

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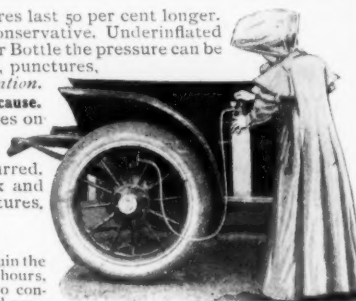
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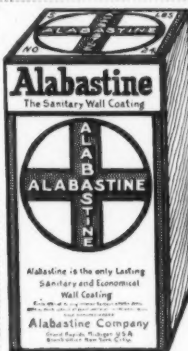
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